CHIMES

SUITLAND HIGH SCHOOL

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CHIMES

JUNE, 1943

SCITUATE HIGH SCHOOL

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★ ★ ★ ★ Dedication ★ ★ ★ ★

In heartfelt appreciation of their courage and sacrifice, we dedicate this issue of the CHIMES to the teachers and students from the Scituate High School who are now in the service of our country in order to preserve our homes, our happiness, and our freedom.

FACULTY

Major Frederick A. Calkin — Lieutenant Michael B. Gillespie — Ensign Clarence O. Atkinson

FORMER STUDENTS

Chase Abbott
Alan Andrews
Gordon Andrews
Wilfred Appleton
James Anderson
Virginia Arnold
William Ayer
Bruce Babbitt
Donald Bangs
Sidney Barber
Ernest Barbuto
Richard Barnard
William Barnes
Maurice Bartlett
Joseph Barry
Fred Bergman
John Billings
Lawrence Bonomi
Robert Brand
George Bresnahan
John Brown
Thomas Brown
Howard Burleigh
Merton Burbank
Jerry Cahir
Malbon Chase
Walter Cogswell
Charles Colman
Elliot Cole
Robert Cole
Luciano Conte
Dana Condit
Jerome Crowley
Howard Clapp
John Curran
Joseph Curran
William Curran
Benjamin Curran
James Dacey
Arthur Damon
Richard Damon
Philip Dolan
Ernest Dorr
Everett Dorr
John Driscoll
Joseph Driscoll
Daniel Duffey
James Duffey
William Duffey
Edmund Duffley
Henry Duval
Frederick Dwyer
George Dwyer
Gerard Dwyer
James V. Dwyer
Herbert Dwyer
Robert Ewell
Thomas Ewell
John Fallon
Alden Finnie
James Finnie, Jr.
John Fitzpatrick
Thomas Fitzpatrick
George Flaherty
Walter Flaherty
Richard Fleming
Robert Fleming
Robert Flynn
Angelo Foniri
Edmund Fortier
Betty Franzen
Fred Franzen
Herbert Friese, Jr.
Lester Gates
Alvin Gillis
Raymond Gillis
John Girard
Orin Gould
William Gowin
Douglas Graham
Harold Graham
Chester Gurney
James Harrigan
John Harrigan
Paul Harrigan
Thomas Harrigan
William Hendrickson
George Herbert
James Herbert
George Hersey
Arnold Hewett
Atherton Hewett
James Hill
Irma Hobson
Joseph Holland
Edward Hooper
Robert Hunter
Anthony Hernan
Charles Jarvis
Russell Jenkins
Nelson Kindlund
Elwin Lane
Edward Lapham
Eugene Lavange
Alfred Leate
Joseph Lavoine
Ellsworth Litchfield
Herbert Litchfield
Francis Litchfield
Allyn Lumbert
Henry Madden
William Madden
Arthur McAlpine
William McAlpine
Boynton Mahar
Alfred Mahoney
Lawrence Mahoney
Richard Mahoney
William Mahoney
David Manley
Edward B. McCarthy
Ralph McCarthy
Robert McCormack
Richard McDonald
Eugene McDonald
Joseph McLean
Lawrence Merritt
Merrill Merritt
Percival Merritt
Melli Meschini
Peter Meschini
George Mitchell
Alden Mitchell
Jackson Morton
George Murphy
Lloyd Murray
Edward Nichols
James O'Connor
Walter O'Neil
Louis Panetta
Donald Parsons
Thomas Patterson
Daniel Queeney
Jerome Queeney
John Queeney
Louis Rouleau
Lucien Rousseau
Bert Russell
William Schultz

Mary Schafer
William Searle, Jr.
George Secor
Joseph Sexton
William Sexton
Jack Shone
Arthur Spear
Edwin Spear
Robert Spear
Walter Spear
Theodore Sorenson
Francis Stanley
James Steverman
Donald Stone
John Stone
Erving Studley
Donald Sullivan
Fred Sylvester
Loring Sylvester
Warren Sylvester
Harold Toomey
Charles Turner
Richard Turner
Robert Turner
Benjamin Turner
Wesley Vines
Kenneth Vining
George Vinal
John Vinal
Theodore Vinal
Frederick Wade
George Ward
Hugh Walsh, Jr.
Stephen Webster, Jr.
Phillips Weeks
Richard Wherity
John Wheeler
John White
George Whittaker
Robert Whittaker
Wendell Whittaker
Frank Wilbur
Sidney Withem
Harold Withem
Albert Zollin
Arthur Zollin
Raymond Zucker
Virginia Zucker

We should appreciate being informed of any omissions, or additions to this list as others go into service, so that our roll of honor may be complete.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

THE FACULTY

Wallace A. Parkhurst, B.S.	*Principal*
Anne L. Cunneen, Hyannis Teachers College	*English*
Robert L. Douglas, A.B.	*Mathematics*
Bessie M. Dudley, A.B.	*English*
Eleanor Gile, A.B.	*English, History*
Elizabeth Giles, B.S. in Ed.	*Civics, History, Penmanship*
Esther M. Harrington, A.B., Ed.M.	*Latin, French*
Ruth E. Hawkes, B.S.	*Commercial Subjects*
Mary S. Kingsbury, B.S.	*Household Arts*
Dorothy L. Maxim, B.S. in Ed.	*Geography, Hygiene*
Richard M. Rogers, B.B.A.	*Commercial Subjects*
Doris M. Rowell, B.S. in Ed., Certificate of Painting	*Art, Mechanical Drawing*
John T. Samuelson, Mus.B., Ed.M.	*Problems in American Democracy, Music, Mathematics*
Nels H. Sandberg, Training School for Teachers of Mechanic Arts	*Practical Arts*
Edward L. Stewart, A.B.	*Latin, Biology, Physical Training*
Ella Vinal, B.S., M.A., Phi Beta Kappa	*Preflight Aeronautics*
Virginia Vines, B.S. in Phys. Ed.	*Physical Training, History*
Clare Walker, B.S.	*Mathematics, Science*
Erroll K. Wilcox, B.S.	*Science*

SUBSTITUTES FOR THE HALF-YEAR TERM

Frances H. Cole, B.A.	*Mathematics, Problems in American Democracy*
Vera Mitchell, Bridgewater Normal School	*History, Penmanship*
Gertrude M. Reynolds, Mus.B.	*Music*

CHIMES STAFF

First Row: J. Cole, L. Brown, G. Wilder, P. Crowley, S. Huntley, J. Condit, L. Reddy, V. Mongeau, G. Hill, M. Bartlett, F. Joseph

Second Row: V. Heffernan, P. Hardwick, M. Hattin, B. Tindall, F. Williams, C. Manning, M. Bonney, M. Damon, S. Damon

Third Row: J. Walsh, M. Miles, P. Butler, E. Watts, R. Foniri, D. Quinlan, G. Patterson, H. Tindall, R. Finnie, F. Hall, T. Holland

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Marjorie Hattin

Assistant Editors

Patrick Butler Marguerite Bartlett

Business Manager

Theodore Holland

Assistant Business Managers

Frank Hall Laura Brown

Merial Bonney

Literary Editors

Frances Williams Merilyn Damon

Patricia McLean Fay Joseph

Dramatic Editor

Beverly Briggs

Girls' Sports Editors

Genevieve Wilder Jean Cole

Patricia Crowley

Boys' Sports Editors

Rocco Foniri Robert Finnie

Gilbert Patterson

Art Editor

Pauline Hardwick

Editor of School News

Virginia Heffernan

Joke Editors

Howard Tindall Earle Watts

Jerome Walsh David Quinlan

Class Editors

Class of 1943 ... Matthew Miles

Class of 1944 ... Shirley Huntley

Class of 1945 ... Carmel Manning

Class of 1946 ... Barbara Tindall

Class of 1947 ... Gladys Hill

Class of 1947 ... Virginia Mongeau

Class of 1948 ... Shirley Damon

Class of 1948 ... Louise Reddy

Alumni Editor

Joan Condit

The Chimes staff wishes to thank the advertisers and the students for their cooperation in the publication of this magazine. We regret that, because of lack of space, a great deal of usable material submitted by the pupils had to be omitted.

SENIOR CLASS NOTES

Matthew Miles, '43

SINCE the not-so-far-distant hour is approaching when the senior class must bow out of the campus scene, it is fitting that a few words be here set down concerning the ups (never downs) of this amazing and interesting group during the ultimate year of its secondary schooling.

As this astounding assemblage trooped back to its classes with joyous expectation, it was soon apparent that this, the Class of One Thousand Nine Hundred and Forty-three, would surpass all previous classes, no matter how studded they might have been with stars of the gridiron or the laboratory bench. In fact, it is a well-known fact that the average I. Q. of this collection of Super Quiz Kids is substantially over 150. They are continually confounding their teachers with their intelligent, probing questions, and their ingenious, letter-perfect answers.

Not only in their classes did they excel, but on the field of combat for dear old S. H. S. as well. Witness the large number of '43 men throughout the football squad as spark plugs, driving wheels, and general power supply. There was the pepper dispenser, captain, and push-em-up man, Bob Hendrickson; that galloping ghost of the Scituate backfield, Gilbert Patterson; that shifty, flashy end, Johnny Travers; one of the wheel horses of the Scituate line, Bob Sylvester; and that star, M. Miles.

The girls of this class also have distinguished themselves in the field of basketball and hockey — so nobly, in fact, that they have trotted easily off with the South Shore Championship quite frequently of late. The group of seniors in these sports is as follows: Joan Rouleau, captain of the basketball team; Frances Williams; Marion Hill; Genevieve Wilder; Mariesta Lavange; Pat Crowley; and Maria Mansfield, Manager.

Slightly later on in the year, this group, senior in act and word as well as in name, elected its administrator, assistant administrator, scribe, corporation lawyer, and chancellor of the exchequer. They were, respectively, the afore-mentioned Bob Hendrickson; that child prodigy, Buff Anderson; that exponent of penmanship superb, Joan Rouleau; the senior class arbiter, Miss Gile, and the master of the drawing board, Earle H. Watts. With such an executive board, culled from the best that S. H. S. has to offer, it was impossible for the ship of state that is the class of '43, to founder on the reefs of mismanagement.

The genius of this small gathering is not entirely in brains and brawn. It has been proved time and again that the mainstay of the S. H. S. band and orchestra is the group of seniors, who have the genius of Mozart, the tone perception of Toscanini, the artistry of Heifetz, and the classical knowledge of Deems Taylor. In truth, they are the tuning fork of S. H. S. music. These upper-classmen, without whom the S. H. S. musical organizations would not be complete, are as follows: Pat Butler, genius of the catgut, better known as the Sage of the U. S. History Class; H. W. Tindall, master of the triple-tongued trumpet rhapsodies; Jerome Walsh, thumper of the bass fiddle; Mary Quinn, mistress of the mellow 'cello; Bob Sylvester, past adept at the multiple-finger clarinet; Jean Wagner and Lillian Santia, virtuosos of the violin.

The class have further covered themselves with glory, in the Thespian field this time, by starring in, staging, and running in general the (so called) All-School Play. The representative geniuses taking part in that production were the ubiquitous H. W. Tindall, who co-starred with the Prodigy of Pond Street, Pat Butler; the Dorothy Parker of the senior class, Maria Mansfield; Jerome Walsh, manager of properties; Earle Watts, his chief assistant; Eben Bearce and Bob Sylvester, stage managers; and John Billings, slide rule prestidigitator extraordinary, who acted as chief electrical engineer.

As well as having excelled on the gridiron and the basketball court, the senior class have starred in the gymnasium. Anyone who has ever been a spectator of a ranger drill or a push-up contest participated in by seniors will tell you that those bronzed, brawny members of the class of '43 are always the first to start and the last to quit. It is a joy to see the play of rippling muscles and steel sinews of these supermen. Since every man in the senior class, without exception, possesses these attributes, it is not necessary to enumerate individuals.

The armed forces of the United States have claimed — rather, have accepted with immense alacrity—two members of this group: Don Sullivan, now of the U. S. Army, former quip-master and all-around genius of the senior class; and

(*Continued on Page 14*)

BARBARA ALLEN

General Course.

Although quiet she may be
She's one swell kid, yes sir-e-e.

RAYMOND AMSDEN

Commercial Course.

Ray's genuine smile, so frank and sincere
Starts many hearts pattering, so we hear.

DONALD APPEL

Scientific Course.

He's a grand boy—couldn't be better,
But what about that blond hair on his sweater?

DOUGLAS BATES

Practical Arts Course.

Dougy believes in taking life slow,
But boy! in a car can that guy go!

EBEN BEARCE

Practical Arts Course.

Glee Club, 1, 2, 3.

A movie fiend, a whiz on skates,
If you're asking us, "Eb" really rates.

CLAIRE BURNS

Secretarial Course.

Glee Club, 1.

Small and blonde and always sunny,
She's planning a future with her "Honey."

PATRICK BUTLER

College Course.

Joke Editor of CHIMES, 2; Assistant Editor of CHIMES, 4; Glee Club, 2, 3, 4; Orchestra, 1, 2, 3, 4; Band, 3, 4; School Play, 3, 4.

All the world's a stage and Pat's a favorite star,
His ability to reason, in life will take him far.

FRANCES CONTE

General Course.

Frances has beautiful, black, wavy hair;
With it she attracts them everywhere.

PATRICIA CROWLEY

College Course.

Sports Editor of CHIMES, 4; Hockey, 2, 3, 4; Basketball, 2, 3, 4; Tennis, 1; Cheer Leader, 4.

What a sport is our gal Pat!
How can we lose with a star like that!

RONALD DREW

Commercial Course.

Football, 3.

A football player with shoulders wide,
We're glad this fella's on our side.

VIRGINIA DUBOIS

Secretarial Course.

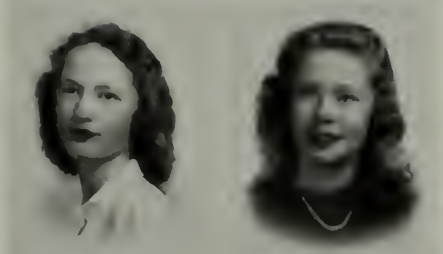
Assistant Business Manager of CHIMES, 3.

Poise, intelligence, charm, and wit—
All these help a Coast Guard to do his bit.

DONALD DWYER

General Course.

Always friendly and sincere,
Gloom disperses when Donald's near.



MARY ANN EVANS

College Course.

Art Editor of CHIMES, 3; Glee Club, 4; Dramatics, 3.

Her enchanting smile she always shows
It wins her friends wherever she goes.

MARJORIE HATTIN

College Course.

Art Editor of CHIMES, 2; Assistant Editor of CHIMES, 3; Editor of CHIMES, 4; Glee Club, 4; Assistant Property Manager, 4.

Gentlemen prefer blondes of Margie's type,
Looks and brains and a manner just right.

ROBERT HENDRICKSON

Scientific Course.

Class President, 4; Football, 2, 3, 4.

Hendy is our football star
Girls cheer for him from near and far.

MARYLOU HERSEY

Secretarial Course.

Band Leader, 3; Glee Club, 3; Dramatics, 3.

That Englishman's ring on her finger
Warns all other boys not to linger.

MARION HILL

College Course.

Hockey, 2, 3, 4; Basketball, 4; Tennis, 1, 2, 3, 4; Glee Club, 4; Scenery, 3, 4.

Marion, with her beautiful hair,
Has caused many a boy to turn and stare.

RUTHANN KINSLEY

Secretarial Course.

Cheer Leader, 4.

A dimpled smile and many a curl,
Some fellow's got a real grand girl.

MARIESTA LAVANGE

General Course.

Hockey, 3, 4; Basketball, 2, 3, 4; Softball, 2, 3, 4; Cheer Leader, 4; Glee Club, 1, 2, 3.

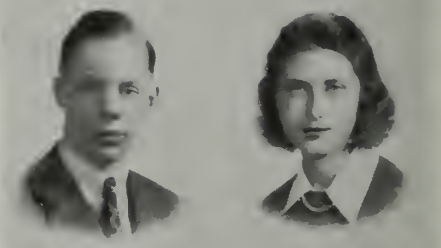
A swell sport with cheery laughter
She knows what she wants and gets what she's after.

MARTHA LAVOINE

Secretarial Course.

Assistant Business Manager of School play, 3; Class Treasurer, 2, 3; Hockey Manager, 4; Glee Club, 2; Cheer Leader, 4.

Martha's the girl whose hair is red
This accounts for her spirit, so 'tis said.



MARIA MANSFIELD

College Course.

Joke Editor of CHIMES, 3; Hockey, 3, 4; Assistant Manager of Basketball, 3; Manager of Basketball, 4; Tennis, 2, 3, 4; Glee Club, 4; Dramatics, 4.

Here is a girl full of pep, and how!
Who's that she's got her eye on now?

PATRICIA McLEAN

General Course.

Literary Editor of CHIMES, 4; Class Secretary, 2; Glee Club, 2, 3, 4.

Dimple in chin, devil within.

MATTHEW MILES

College Course.

Joke Editor of CHIMES, 2; Class Editor of CHIMES, 4; Class Treasurer, 1; Football, 4.

Matt's the guy with all the knowledge
We bet that he could "whiz" through college.

ALICE MOFFITT

General Course.

Hockey, 3, 4; Glee Club, 1, 2, 3.

Alice, though she may look quiet,
Once you know her is really a riot!

GILBERT PATTERSON

Practical Arts Course.

Sports Editor of CHIMES, 4; Football, 4; Basketball, 4; Glee Club, 1, 2, 3.

Gibbie keeps the class all grinning,
His acquaintance is certainly well-worth winning.

MARY QUINN

College Course.

Joke Editor of CHIMES, 3; Orchestra, 3, 4; transferred from Roslindale High School, 3.

When Mary dreams and seems to stare
Her thoughts are of him so high in the air.

JOAN ROULEAU

College Course.

Class Editor of CHIMES, 1; Secretary, 1, 3, 4; Hockey, 4; Basketball, 2, 3, 4; Glee Club, 3, 4.

Full of pep, sparkling eyes,
A real success at all she tries.

LILLIAN SANTIA

General Course.

Orchestra, 1, 2, 3, 4.

Ever so quiet, but oh what a friend,
Now here is a girl who's true to the end.

DOROTHY SECOR

Secretarial Course.

This senior gal whose name is Dolly
Is always smiling, always jolly.

HELEN STARK

Secretarial Course.

Quiet, simple, unaffected,
Though a touch of nonsense is suspected,
She'll reach the top — her friends expect it.

ANNE STEVERMAN

General Course.

Glee Club, 2, 3.

A ready, brilliant, alluring smile,
A pleasant companion, a friend worthwhile.

ROBERT SYLVESTER

Practical Arts Course.

Football, 4; Baseball, 3, 4; Basketball, 2, 3; Glee Club, 1, 2, 3; Orchestra, 2, 3, 4; Stage Manager, 4.

For one and all, a jolly grin,
When making friends, he'll always win.

HOWARD TINDALL

College Course.

Joke Editor of CHIMES, 4; Class President, 2, 3; Glee Club, 3; Orchestra, 1, 2, 3, 4; Band, 3, 4; Dramatics, 3, 4.

Dapper jackets, sharpy shirts,
He loves his jazz and NEVER flirts,
Where'er he goes good times he brings,
That's our Bill — "there are such things."

JOHN TRAVERS

Practical Arts Course.

Football, 4.

A top-notch friend, a real swell guy,
If you want a good time, don't pass him by.

CECELIA VICKERY

General Course.

Cheer Leader, 4.

Sweet and good, a sociable pal,
Sterling character, a top-notch gal.

JEAN WAGNER

General Course.

Orchestra, 1, 2, 3, 4.

Friendly and gay, jolly and blithe,
She'll certainly make an ideal wife.

JEROME WALSH

College Course.

Joke Editor of CHIMES, 2, 4; Glee Club, 2; Orchestra, 2, 3, 4; Property Manager, 4.

Quiet by nature, from duty ne'er swaying,
When he has something to say, you can bet it's worth saying.

EARLE WATTS

College Course.

Joke Editor of CHIMES, 4; Treasurer, 4; Assistant Property Manager, 4; transferred from Quincy High School, 3.

His quiet voice and excellent wit
Have made this newcomer a smashing hit.

GENEVIEVE WILDER

General Course.

Sports Editor of CHIMES, 4; Secretary of A. A., 1; Cheer Leader, 4; Tennis, 1, 2, 3, 4; Hockey, 2, 3, 4; Basketball, 2, 3, 4; Softball, 2, 4.

She's swell at sports and full of fun
Without her help, we'd never have won.

JOHN WILDER

Scientific Course.

Assistant Business Manager of Dramatics; transferred from The King's School, Ely, England, 2.

From "over there" a genius came,
One who'll reach the heights of fame,
A friend like this we're proud to claim.

Frances Williams

College Course.

Class Editor of Chimes, 2; Literary Editor of Chimes, 4; Hockey, 3, 4; Basketball, 4; Glee Club, 4; Assistant Property Manager, 4.

With a curly head and friends galore
She seems to attract the Army Air Corps.

John Billings

Scientific Course.

Lighting and sound effects, Tri-Town Play, 4; joined Army Air Corps, January 1943.

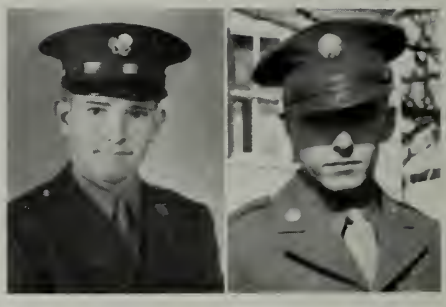
He joined the Air Corps to keep us free,
So three cheers for him from you and me.

Donald Sullivan

General Course.

Orchestra, 1, 2, 3, 4; Band, 3, 4; joined U. S. Army, November, 1942.

A loss to the school, to the army a gain,
Though you're gone from our class, in our hearts you remain.



Francis Anderson

College Course.

Vice-President, 1, 4; Assistant Manager of Basketball, 3; Glee Club, 1.

"Buff," my friends, is a lively boy,
Whose presence brings us all great joy.

Fred O'Neil

Practical Arts Course.

Football, 4.

Rather bashful, blond, and cute,
For girls he doesn't give a hoot.

Helen Litchfield

General Course.

Delightful manner, winning ways
A fond remembrance for future days.

Scituate High

Martha Lavoine, '43

"S" stands for Sully
Some sophomore loves so dear;

"C" stands for Crowley
She's around when Billy's near;

"I" stands for innocence
Which no freshman lacks;

"T" stands for temper,
One of our athletes has stacks.

"U" stands for undergraduates
Seniors manage to ignore;

"A" stands for Andy
Who always knows the score;

"T" stands for Tindall
Oh boy, what a whizz;

"E" stands for energetic
That's what Freddy is!

"H" stands for homework
Something we all dread,

"I" stands for intelligence
Which the Seniors always had.

"G" stands for genius
We have plenty here,

"H" stands for high school
Which the Seniors hold so dear.

EDITORIALS

OUR SCHOOL'S EFFORT IN THE WAR

Marjorie Hattin, '43

Ever since December 7, 1941, we, the students of Scituate High School, have noticed and patriotically accepted the changes brought about by the war.

The first of these changes came in the form of a great loss to the school when Mr. Gillespie, the sub-master for seventeen years, volunteered his services and entered the Navy with the commission of lieutenant. To those who had been in his classes, this was a sad event; for he had, indeed, been a wonderful friend, who took great interest in his work. This, however, seemed to be only the beginning of our losses for during the last week of school our principal, Mr. Calkin, who was a major in the Officers' Reserve, was called into active duty in the Army. Later Mr. Atkinson of the Commercial Department entered the Navy as an ensign.

This year our athletic program has been greatly affected. Fewer football games than usual were scheduled as transportation was a difficult problem. But for the few games we did have, the school was all out with an unusually large crowd cheering the Scituate team on. Next, with the ban on pleasure driving, came the news that the basketball games which used to be played at night would take place in the afternoon. How much fun it was those other years to get up in the balcony and cheer till our lungs nearly burst —especially during the last minutes of a close game! There wasn't the same spirit at afternoon games.

We have had our share in the nation-wide drives, too. During the collection of tin foil, keys, books and magazines, we did our part to make the grand total grand; and boxes and baskets for the contributions became permanent fixtures in the various rooms. Since the first of this year we have been buying war stamps and bonds within the school, our average weekly sales being about $150. We entered the campaign to "buy a jeep" and succeeded in reaching the goal of $900, the cost of a jeep, in three weeks.

I think that the greatest change that we have noticed has been in the number of assemblies we have had. Added expense, gasoline rationing, the breaking up of group acts,—all these have caused a great shortage of assemblies. However, in the magazine drive this year we sold enough subscriptions to get a sound projector for the school. In spite of a delay on account of priorities and war production difficulties, it is now well on its way, and will make possible many interesting assemblies.

Despite the gasoline rationing we were able to have dancing school the first of the year, as many of us walked when there was no other way

of getting there. When the ban on pleasure driving went into effect, however, dancing school had to be discontinued temporarily. Also, and more important to the seniors, the senior class play had to be given up this year for the same reason. The gasoline problem really IS a problem.

Our school cafeteria, too, has had its share of wartime hardships. The ice cream shortage reduced the regular large variety of ice cream to sherbets (which many of us liked better anyway); candy is disappearing from the counters; and the food shortage had caused a small increase in price on some of the dishes. But we have cheerfully accepted these changes, as we knew that the school was doing the best it could for us.

After the February vacation two new courses were started for the juniors and seniors. One was a course in mathematics for boys, and the other gave instruction in preflight aeronautics to the girls as well as to the boys.

Among the student body many familiar faces have disappeared during the school year as some of the older boys answered their country's call for help by joining a branch of the service or by working at a defense plant where workers were needed.

To us these changes haven't seemed too great when spread out over a year's time although, when listed, they seem considerable. However, under fine management we have enjoyed the year in spite of everything. But it is evident, from all this, how war changes even the school life here in the United States, which seems so far from the battlefronts of the world. Yes, war has far-reaching effects.

BUILD THEE MORE STATELY MANSIONS

Marguerite Bartlett. '44

With the tide of battle slowly swinging towards the Allies, it is time to think about the dawn of a new peace. This time we must make sure that there will be a lasting peace founded on the brotherhood of man. It is time to lay the cornerstones now, and we must have a solid foundation on which to build our mansion of peace. The four cornerstones might well be the "four freedoms" outlined by President Roosevelt: freedom from want, that all men may have their daily bread; freedom from fear, that all men, as brothers, may stand on an equal footing and enjoy the same privileges; freedom of the press, that men may know what their brothers are doing all over the world; and freedom of religion, that all men may worship the god they choose, the way they choose. This time we must remember that all men are brothers striving for a common goal. If our mansion is to stand through generations, it must be acceptable to all nations. We must let each nation have something to say about its structure. Just as Chinese architecture might not appeal to us, some of their customs are not ours. But their ideas of freedom are identical. The same applies to all nations and we must respect their customs and beliefs. If we remember the other fellow and give him a chance, our mansion of peace and good will may stand throughout the ages as a monument to the brotherhood of man.

THE VALUE OF A LIBERAL EDUCATION TODAY

Matthew Miles, '43

In this present-day world of science, mechanics, war, and destruction, many educators are of the opinion that a liberal education (according to the Old World definition, that is, a classical one) is best parked on any convenient shelf for the duration. They feel (and rightly) that Latin and Greek, 16th century French art and Francis Bacon, should not take precedence over trigonometry and navigation, over German and Spanish, over ordnance and aircraft maintenance. You cannot win a war by quoting Cicero or Aristotle. Specialized technical education is a *must* in this conflict. The fact that a young man is a graduate from The Harvard College of Liberal Arts does not make him a better rear gunner or a defter riveter. This same scheme of things will hold true after the war. The world of tomorrow will be a technocracy. To prevent a post-war slump, industry must continue a high output, thus employing large numbers of workers and creating a huge market. American industry can not and must not return to its pre-war pace. In a world such as this promises to be, a classical education is of practically no use at all.

However, the liberal education which is literally liberal will play a very great part in the future. Huxley defines the owner of a liberal education as one who is in good physical condition, who has a clear, logical, well-oiled mind, who discerns the fine points of life as well as the obvious ones, who knows the laws of nature and of man, who loves beauty, hates evil, and respects all others: in short, one who *lives*, who gets along with his fellow man. Certainly, this is the individual which the post-war world needs.

(*Continued on Page 14*)

THE SNIPER

Theodore Holland, '44

IT was a day late in February and a tang of spring was in the air. The stock was all fed and watered; so I had the remainder of the day to myself. What to do? I could fix the two flats on my tractor, or I might start overhauling the various farm implements that I would soon be using. I discarded both these ideas as they would require far more patience and physical exertion than I felt up to at the time. Mournfully I reached for my rifle and headed for the tall timber, my only retreat at a time like this.

I wandered for hours, aimlessly, drinking in the warmth and beauty of the early spring sunshine. Then my progress was rudely obstructed by a high wire fence! "How can this be?" I said to myself. "Who could have purchased this land?" So I followed the barrier until the opportunity arose to creep under it, which I did without hesitation.

I continued my stroll, stopping now and then to rest myself, as it was becoming quite warm. During one of these pauses, I felt a bee buzz by my head and land on a nearby pine. "That's strange," I thought, "a bee this early?"

Then I heard another and another. I looked on the bark of the tree, but found only a few woodpecker holes into which the bees must have crawled. As I peered into one of these holes, I felt another "bee" whizz by my head. Upon examination I found another "woodpecker hole" and no bee. It struck me suddenly that someone was shooting at me, and I found myself on one of the topmost branches of the pine before I could decide what to do about it.

From my perch I had a splendid view of the countryside round about. I saw several men, dressed strangely alike, shooting in the general direction of a group of targets about one hundred feet from them and situated between the muzzles of their guns and me. I concluded from this surveillance that they were target shooting. I also deduced that these men were Marines, and that the high fence I had met was the boundary of the Hingham Arsenal, which had been recently expanded.

I watched the activities of these Marines through the telescope sight of my gun and was surprised to see them all suddenly fling themselves prone on the ground and turn their guns in my general direction. They must have been frightened by something in my vicinity. I peered around to see what it was, but I could see nothing out of the ordinary.

Then the Marine who was obviously in charge crept cautiously to the barrack at one side of the field and returned with a long, round something which proved to be a 30-calibre machine gun. After it was set up, he rose and swept my tree with a pair of binoculars. I grinned and waved at him and was pleased to see him grin

and wave back. He then settled himself behind the machine gun and began to trim the branches around and above my head. As they became scarcer and scarcer, I decided that I might be in his way; so I shifted myself to a better place of refuge behind the main trunk of the tree.

He finally stopped firing and so I imagined he had hit what he was aiming at, although it seemed to me he had used up a lot of ammunition to do it. Then a man drove up in one of those war-buggies they call "jeeps." All the men piled into it, and they headed for my tree. "They must be coming over to see me," I thought, but, as I am the bashful type, I decided it was time to leave.

The next day's newspaper carried the story of an "unknown sniper" who was observing the "maneuvers" of the "armed personnel" at the "Government Restricted Area" of Hingham. "Luckily," the story went on, "Sergeant Boles was on his toes and this sniper was routed before he did any damage."

I am still in deathly fear of a visit from the F. B. I. or the War Department.

ARE WE SOFT?

Rocco Foniri, '45

In many of the speeches of Hitler or Tojo, one or the other has said, "The American people are soft; they can easily be defeated because of their people and government." Have you ever concentrated on this subject? Would you say we are soft? Can we easily be defeated? These questions are hard to answer. My opinion is that we aren't soft nor can we easily be defeated.

Let me give you examples of Americans' being soft. At Pearl Harbor, did we quit? At Bataan or Corregidor, were we easily defeated? At Coral Sea did we lose? At Midway did we cry? At Guadalcanal were the Marines soft? The Axis talked big then, but they wish they had never started a fight against the men like MacArthur. Eisenhower, Montgomery—and countries like Poland, Greece, France, and even Holland.

To those who have died for us we must pay tribute, for they fired bullets, and stopped them too. Those men fighting out there want only one thing. They want America to win this war. They want us to appreciate the values of democracy, life, and the four domestic and social freedoms. The Axis nations will fall because our men who landed at Ireland and at North Africa have only one thing in mind: we came, we will fight, and we will win victory. Victory will be won by our fighting heroes because they are fighting to preserve freedom in God's almighty way.

SENIOR CLASS NOTES

(*Continued from Page 5*)

John Billings, of the U. S. Army Air Force, who started his career as consulting engineer, locksmith, and electrical genius at the approximate age of four. As a gesture of magnanimity, the Army and Navy have graciously allowed the remaining members of this class of military and naval genius to finish their secondary education. A few typical reserve officers of the senior class are John Wilder, S. H. S. king of the slide rule, who plans on His Majesty's Royal Navy; Bob Hendrickson, five-place logarithm operator, who prefers the Coast Guard; Jerome Walsh, World War I strategist, who favors the Marines; and Pat Butler, the raconteur of the physics lab, who, strangely enough, likes the Army.

All in all, the senior class of 1943 has proved itself the best endowed with all-'round genius of any such class heretofore established.

THE VALUE OF A LIBERAL EDUCATION TODAY

(*Continued from Page 12*)

How can we expect to "win the next peace" permanently unless through men of this type? I do not speak of the chemist or the physicist isolated in his laboratory, nor the scholar hidden in his books, nor the idle, polished, college graduate, but of a happy mean—a man versed in man's and nature's laws alike. If the educators of this country, and of the world, can realize the tremendous need for men of this caliber, the next generation will be infinitely better prepared to meet the problems of the post-war world.

* * * *

Sign in a fruit store window:

"Fine apples. Buy now. Remember the early bird gets the worm."

* * * *

A woman rushed into an elevator on the first floor and asked, "Is this car going up?"

"No, Madam," replied the operator, "this is a cross-town car."

* * * *

He: Let's get married.

She: Good Lord! Who'll have us?

TERRY

Anne McKenzie, '46

TERRY was a redhead. His mother and father were Irish, and he was a typical son of old Erin. He was happy-go-lucky, very good-natured and friendly, but like a true Irishman he never backed away from a fight.

When he was about two months old, it became necessary for him to leave his family and make his home with new but loving parents.

At first he was very lonesome and missed his brothers and sisters so much that all night he would keep the entire household awake with his crying. But his new parents were very understanding and patient with him. When he was just so unhappy that he couldn't stand it another minute, they would get him some warm milk. On rare occasions they would even take him into bed with them and talk to him until he was happy and contented again.

Terry's new mother sang in the village choir, and every Sunday before church when she was rehearsing, Terry and his dad would get into the car and ride out into the country where they would go for long walks in the woods.

Terry's education in woodlore started very early. His dad taught him everything about trails and paths in the forest. Terry soon learned that although bees were very cute and sounded very funny when they buzzed, they should be left severely alone, because they carried a nasty little dagger that made him cry whenever he felt it.

He learned all about the birds in the forest too —that they could disappear in the bushes and no one could find them unless it was a dog just trained to point and scent birds.

Many, many hours were spent by Terry and his dad learning just how a little dog would go about the job of pointing birds. And it was really a very good idea, and well worth while because, you see, Terry was a little Irish setter.

OUR FLAG

Gilbert Patterson, '43

In a world of trouble, torment, and tears,
There is one thing that may reduce our fears,

The thought of our flag—Red, White, and Blue.
That stands for democracy and freedom too.

It waves on high from coast to coast.
Salute it daily, give it a toast.

Its sparkling colors shall always be
Remembered from the Pacific to Germany.

THE WITCH

Forbes McLean, '46

High on her broomstick she does ride,
With the very devil at her side.
She spreads destruction far beneath,
As she mutters chants between her teeth.

Atop the tempest she shrieks her curse,
For she is evil at its worst.
Her black cat sneers with yellow eyes,
As o'er the paths, the broomstick flies.

She thrives on lightning; she hides by fire,
And her flames of hate go higher and higher.
Her very wish is the voice of doom,
As she glides away upon her broom.

AT THE FOOT OF THE CRAGS

Patricia McLean, '43

There were days and nights—they seem so far past now—when I could sit by the cold gray stones and dream of peace and beauty. No matter what the hour or the weather, there was loveliness to be found in the vast, illimitable stretch of sea before me. Sparkling and dancing beneath the early morning sun; calm and unrippled in the path of silver moon glow; raging like a savage, infuriated beast when the winds hurled foam into the air and the rocks thundered and roared in their teeth—the mood of the sea, mattered not, for in each and every change there was indescribable, awesome beauty.

That is all a dream now, a dream banished the fatal day the blood of mankind stained the waters red, and the ships of dauntless men went to their "haven under the hill," and the air was foul with Death. Now for me there is no more of that breath-taking loveliness I once thrilled to; now I see naught but treachery and cunning and murder in every last white cap and wave. The still, shimmering surface, bathed in white moonlight, is but a deadly cover-up for the long, grasping fingers of slaughter, reaching down, down through the inky caverns of water to smash into smithereens young lives and old alike. The tossing, tearing sea is now a mere device to prevent any possible chance of preserving a life clinging to a fragment of board with eager, icy hands. The apparent serenity that comes with a glorious dawn flooded with sunlight is a blind for the previous night's insidious deviltries.

And so I kneel at the foot of the crags and pour out my heart in a prayer for peace. My whispered plea becomes a cry from the depths of a million souls, a cry drowning out the breaking of the waves and echoing back throughout the hollows in the crags of a joyous, hopeful ring that sings of victory, freedom, and peace!

The Most Unforgettable Character I Have Ever Met

Howard Tindall, '43

Who was that coming at me with the smile on his face? I'd already had a ten-minute session with some guy whom I couldn't place, and here I'd only gone a couple of blocks and another one was coming on. Perhaps I was mistaken and I didn't know him. Not a chance. I got into the Boylston Street gutter to give him every chance to pass, but he waded in after me with hand outstretched.

"Well! What d'ya say, Sport?" I stammered, voice dripping with false enthusiasm. It was a cinch I was going to have to run through my pronouns, "Sport, Chum, Star, Kid" and almost anything I could think of at the time.

"Less every day, Scratch." he laughed. I broke into a sweat. "Look, I gotta catch a train. Mosey over to the station with me, will ya?"

I was only wandering anyway, and so at the end of the second and a half that he allowed me for a reply I was without a reasonable excuse. He waited no longer and, diving into the swarms, took a three-pace lead which I was never to recover. I say with all due admiration, he traveled like a streak.

"How's the horn comin'?" he snapped over his shoulder, the volume almost upsetting a poor old lady.

"OK, we've got a nine-piecer, now," I replied. Had I played with this guy? "How are you doin'?" I yelled, hoping for a lead to his identity.

"Oh, pretty good on the whole. Say, ya know, I haven't seen you since the time we . . ." Whipping through a narrow gap which closed immediately after him, he was lost to me and, when I finally caught up again by taking to the middle of the street and risking the wild taxis, I heard him say, "—and so you see, I haven't done so badly."

I agreed with him heartily as I vaulted over the hood of the car he had managed to beat to the crossing. I recovered my footing just in time to aid an elderly gentleman to his feet after my cyclone friend had knocked his knees out from under him in his effort to duck a dangerous umbrella-spoke of a sun-fearing woman.

As we hit the last long stretch and the station rolled into sight, I ran the fifty-odd yard gain he had on me and demanded in restrained tones just when his train was due to leave.

"Three-thirty-eight," he replied. I glanced briefly at my watch and found to my horror that it read exactly thirty-seven and one-half minutes past three.

"You have your ticket already, of course," I said nervously, fearing the worst.

I heard his reply in the negative from a somewhat awkward upside-down position caused by a violent twist to the left which had flung me into a half-turn back somersault in midair.

When I informed him of the time, I couldn't see any facial expression of concern, at least from my rather poor view of his bobbing countenance.

(*Continued on Page 19*)

A QUESTION ANSWERED

John Wilder, '43

SINCE I came to America and entered Scituate High School, many people have asked me, "Is the English school system much different from that of America?" Now I'm going to try to give the answer.

The two systems are really completely different, so different that it is difficult to know where to start in the explanation. In England we take ten subjects—English, Latin, French, geography, history, arithmetic, geometry, algebra, art, and chemistry—from the eighth grade through the junior year. At the beginning of the senior year each pupil may decide what eight subjects he wants to take on the School Certificate Examination. The choice, however, isn't so wide, because English, British and European history, two maths, either physics or chemistry, and one language are required, leaving him only two subjects as a choice.

I am speaking about an English public school, which is similar to the private school in this country. The public school, though, is the only type which provides any kind of college-preparatory education. In the commercial schools there is, of course, a completely different set of subjects, of which I know nothing.

In further answer to the question I will describe a typical day at The Kings' School in Ely, which I attended.

The day used to start at 7:10 a.m. when the dormitory opened and "Jonah" would put his head around it to call, "Morning, all, ten past seven."

With this call, all twenty boys would roll over and reply, " 'Morning, 'Jonah.' "

After a mad rush for the "wash-house," and a quick wash in cold water (in the winter it often had ice in it), followed by a quick change, everybody would be running down stairs to read the papers before breakfast. At 7:25 a.m. the head-perfect would chant in one long breath, "Hurry up down," while he paced through the forty-foot corridor. "Hurry up down" is short for "Hurry down to breakfast, lunch or tea." With this call everybody would literally charge down to the House, a building in the school, to form three lines outside the dining hall doors in waiting for the "come-and-get-it" bell.

As soon as the bell rang, we used to proceed in an orderly manner to our seats (correction, please, "forms").

When breakfast was over, there would be a list of notices to this effect, "Attention please, boys; there will be a meeting of the Scientific Club at 4:15 p.m. The Stamp Club will hold a meeting at 4:45 p.m. The Scouts will meet as usual on Tuesday afternoon. That's all."

After the notices were read, we could walk around the grounds or study in our classrooms until twenty to nine, when it was time to go to the cathedral for a fifteen minute service. Then we went straight to the first class.

In the morning we would have four three-quarter-hour classes, with a five minute recess after the second. We used to stop for lunch at 12:20 p.m. and return for the afternoon classes at 1:45 p.m. All our classes were held in the same room, with the masters coming to us, instead of the pupils going to different masters. Incidentally, the English school department had never heard of that amazing innovation, the study period. These were all class periods.

On Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays we had only the four morning classes, and after lunch we had compulsory, organized sports. To make the sports,—soccer and badminton in the winter, cricket, tennis, fives, running and track in the summer,—a major activity and interest of the schools, we had four houses or clubs—Ivatt, Ingle, Boultbee, and Burns. These houses used to play house-matches to win soccer or cricket championship cups. To help spread school spirit, we also had two, and some years three, school teams which played many of the surrounding school and college teams.

Besides the clubs formerly mentioned we had quite a good dramatic club, which put on from three to five plays in the course of a school year.

Speaking of a "school-year," we had a much longer one than here. We started on September 20, approximately, and went until the end of July. The exams which took place at the end of the summer term lasted a full week. Some of the exams would be two and a half to three hours long.

We used to have a type of student governing body, in the sense that there was a group of post-graduates, or sixth-formers, who were called prefects, and a second group of seniors who were called sub-prefects. The duties of these boys, about ten in all, were to enforce certain school rules by the donation of detentions to the offend-

ers. They also had to oversee the two hours of evening work, and to keep order in the dormitories. Naturally there were popular and unpopular prefects as some would be strict and some easy.

I remember one time when a boy was given three strokes for talking to the boy behind him in class. Speaking of strokes, the only person who was allowed to give the stick was the head-master. He certainly didn't lack practice, for in the thirty-two years that he was there he gave an average of six strokes a day. I remember one day when he gave a total of a hundred and ten strokes to different boys. Besides being our head-master, he was also a J.P. (a Justice of the peace), in the city of Ely. He always used to give us the choice of paying for a broken window or having the stick, his penalty being usually five strokes.

In the two and a half very enjoyable years which I have spent in America, I have found that the schools present the most striking contrast in the lives of the two countries.

ONE IN A THOUSAND

Roger Zollin, '44

"The reason, Dacey, that I'm sending only one plane is that I think that in this case one plane will have more of a chance of completing the job and returning than a whole squadron would." Flight Officer Kennedy of the U. S. Aircraft Carrier *Astoria* was speaking to a tall, lanky pilot wearing the uniform of a U. S. Marine.

"I understand that fully, Sir."

"Your chances of returning," went on Kennedy, "are one in a thousand. The enemy cruiser which is moving toward us is the newest type that the Japs are building. If it gets close enough, this carrier will be done for. If it's possible for you to drop the bomb that's stowed on your plane squarely, that cruiser will be blown sky high. The bomb is of a new type, two hundred times as deadly as anything we've got yet. All the charts and data that you'll need are here on this table. You take off in ten minutes. Good luck, bud, and God be with you." With that Kennedy turned and strode from the room.

Pilot Dacey looked after him; then he turned and began studying the charts which lay before him. He made several notations in his note book, gathered up several of the charts, and walked out to the flight deck. Before him stood rows of mighty planes, all stored neatly so as to conserve space. Slowly he walked down the deck to the foremost plane, the motor of which was turning over slowly. Climbing into the cockpit, he put his charts in their case and fastened his helmet. Glancing across the deck, he saw the signal flashed for him to take off.

Checking his instruments, he waved away the mechanics and slowly slid the throttle forward. The mighty plane seemed to take on new life as the motor roared. He began moving slowly at first, but rapidly gaining speed, he raced down the deck. Swiftly the end of the carrier moved up to meet him; then suddenly it was gone. Rising quickly in tight spirals, he climbed high into the air. When the carrier was a mere dot on the surface, he banked to the west and sped on his mission.

One hour passed and then two, and slowly far away he spotted the enemy cruiser, a dot on the surface, moving slowly in the direction from which he had come. Ducking behind a friendly cloud bank, he flew on unseen. When he again emerged from the clouds, he had banked around and was moving in the same direction as the cruiser. Gripping his controls tightly, he pushed them forward slowly until the cross-chains of his dive-sight split the tarket. Down, down his plane plunged with the propeller screaming like a thousand unleashed demons. Suddenly dirty black puffs of smoke began bursting all around him, as the Japs, now fully aware of the danger, sent shells rushing skyward to welcome the onrushing plane.

Oblivious of the deadly fire, Dacey never wavered. Increasing air pressure gripped his throat, wrists, and heaving chest in a vain attempt to crush the life from his body, but the enemy cruiser remained fixed in his sights. Larger, larger it grew—closer and closer it came with each lingering second—expanding like some evil monster until suddenly its massive form seemed to fill the cramped cockpit. Swiftly Dacey's hand moved to the bomb release and the plane, its lethal load of death released, swerved upward in a shrieking arc. A moment of agonizing suspense—then the huge steel monster was gripped by an expanding mass of dense black smoke and flames.

Without lingering to watch the sea drag the stricken ship down into its depths, the plane climbed back into the sheltering clouds and disappeared. Then turning, Dacey sped swiftly toward his rendezvous with the carrier, his task completed.

"TO MARKET TO MARKET"

Virginia Heffernan, '44

Hundreds of women milling around
All on the very same errand bound,
Tall, short, fat and thin.
Today at ten the meat comes in.
They're waiting for the meat!

With the passing hours grumblings are heard
As the crowd await the sounds of the word.
Suddenly a shout rises above the din
The call is heard, "The meat is in!"

Friendship's forgotten, politeness is gone.
The main thought is to get waited upon!
"Give me some pork chops!"
"I want some beef!"
"I don't care what I get — just give me some meat!"
The meat's going!

After pushing, pulling and jostling about
Some desperate ones find themselves left out.
They turn to get fish, which they really scorn
For they must eat, and the meat is gone!

BY THE DAWN'S EARLY LIGHT

Joan Rouleau, '43

It was a biting cold day in February, in the early morning to be exact, when we started for our destination.

Our car finally stopped in a dark alley, so dark that we were forced to pick our way cautiously across the intersections and narrow streets, which were still slippery and wet from the dew. Others chose to ride all the way to this destination, crowding and jamming traffic in a deadend street—but then this was no time to think of traffic regulations.

The screech of brakes, the toot of horns—these were the only audible sounds in that somber darkness which held an equally somber significance.

Leaving the car, members of my party stood by a telephone pole, looking up at a tall stone building with long narrow windows, which seemed so forbidding then that it reminded me of a prison in the days of the French Revolution.

Gradually a sharp wind started up. To avoid it we stepped back into an enclosure which appeared to be a garage entrance, but even here we had to be on the watch for excited drivers backing up carelessly.

People kept coming and standing in groups around that building—boys for the most part, from eighteen to twenty years of age. Some stood with their parents, some with their girls, and some, alone. Here and there a match flared up, and then only could I discern the expressions of impatience and uncertainty on the faces of these boys, who gradually drifted up the front stairs and through a heavy door, a door which seemed to be leading them to another world where they might expect almost anything.

A low sobbing drew my attention to a small grey-haired woman who was staring across the street, watching the big door open and close. She lighted a cigarette which she puffed at nervously, and when this was gone, she lighted another and another.

Another car parked beside the curb and another mother was left in tears; and I tried to multiply the grief of this comparatively small gathering by that of the millions all over the world.

Then a member of our party made his farewells, and anxiously started across the street and up the stairs to the door, where he turned to wave again, opened the door, and disappeared.

By this time streaks of red appeared in the sky—the dawn of a new day, and the dawn of a new life for that group of Air Corps Cadets who were leaving the Armory that memorable morning.

THE SERVICE STARS

Ted Dunne, '45

No stars that shine up in the skies
Can shine so brightly in my eyes
As those which hang in our window panes
On traveled roads or country lanes,

In stillness—for the boys away
In every land and distant bay
On every field and distant sea
Fighting—to bring home Victory.

THE MOST UNFORGETTABLE CHARACTER I HAVE EVER MET

(*Continued from Page 16*)

"Yeah, I know," he replied calmly. "Well, I'll see ya." He popped into the side of the building.

"Sure, so long, Star," I answered to the blank wall, as I dashed along.

When I finally realized I had no reason for running, I slowed down and joined a crowd occupied in looking up at the top of a near-by building.

ONE THOUSAND SQUARE FEET

Maria Mansfield, '43

One potato has 500 calories, three carrots equal one and one-fourth onions, fertilizer at one dollar per fifty pounds, three hours at 60¢, carry one, drop the remainder and multiply by three equals—one wonderful headache for Mr. Ransidd and three jars of string-beans for Mrs. Ransidd.

The front yard was undoubtedly the best place for the garden, Mrs. Ransidd decided, and then she told Mr. R. He agreed readily after he had picked himself out of the corner for the third time, and set to work making his plans for the Great Ransidd Victory Garden. But the Ransidd front yard was quite a little short of 1000 square feet; so the only thing that could be done was to remove the front porch. When this was done, a slight job that required three Mack trucks and a steamshovel, the front of the house sagged three feet and Adlibb, the family cat, had been deprived of her hiding place.

Mrs. R. had firmly believed that the beautiful elm trees in front of the house would be an addition to the garden, giving not only life to the plants but also shade to the industrious farmer. She found out, however, from a gardening adviser (three hours on Sunday, double time, $18.76) that the trees would be anything but a help.

Mr. Ransidd suggested they hire some men to cut the trees down, but looking at Mrs. Ransidd's determined chin (and fist), decided that he could do it "in the afternoon, after the office, Sweetie."

The next day Mr. R., armed with a Boy Scout hatchet sharpened for him by his better three-quarters, attacked the larger of the two elms. About eight o'clock that night he had succeeded in practically chopping it down. Hearing the ominous crackling noise which heralds the felling of a tree, he ran for cover. As he picked himself out of the stone wall, he saw the large tree fall against the other. Then both of them fell on top of the house, and the chimney was no more.

"Well, that job's done," Mr. R. said, and walked into the so-called house, leaving Mrs. R., for once, speechless.

Now the land was all cleared; nothing was left to be done but to dig the ground and plant the seed. Mr. R. called the best contractor in town and asked for his price to dig up and cultivate the land. The contractor's vice-president in charge of earth-worms answered the phone and said in a surprised voice, "Are you kiddin', Bub? Every contractor in town is doing war work. Get a horse!" And Mr. R. found this was true. He couldn't get anyone to dig the garden for him; so he went to his wife and said, "Sweetie, that settles it; I positively can and will not dig up the garden myself."

The next day as he was digging up the garden with a spade, he made a discovery. When the contractors had built the house, they had used the refuse—concrete, old lumber, paint buckets and rags—as filling for the lawn. Then they had put earth over it, and no one knew of the buried treasure of 1139 Grove. No doubt this was a Godsend at the time to the contractors but it was not exactly helpful to the R's. Mr. R. carried everything over to his neighbor's woods, everything that is, except the body of a 1917 Ford. Mr. and Mrs. thought it was a brilliant idea to leave it in the garden and plant squash vines over it. After the hole in the front yard was filled with crushed diamonds and powdered rubies sold under the name of "loam," the planting started.

The usual things happened: too much sun, too little ditto; too much rain, too little ditto; neglecting to take off the paper package before putting the seeds in: dogs and chickens, insects and rust, all had their little fun; and of course everything came up one-half the size of the pictures in the catalogue. But the one thing that flourished was the Ford '17 a la squash. It really was a majestic sight; its vines and tendrils spread all over the garden, and everything else was under its shadow. Neighbors gathered around to see the large green mound with the yellow blossoms. In fact, the block warden happened to be passing by one day and noticed the wrecked car. "Ah, ha," he said (to himself of course, no one ever really says "ah, ha"). "This will raise our scrap to our quota of 300 tons. Mr. Ransidd, I'm afraid you'll have to sacrifice your squash vines so that we can have that car body."

When they came to take the car away, the vines of course had to be ripped up, and with them came practically the whole garden, except some hardy spinach plants.

There was a dead silence in the R. household on the farming subject until one day Mrs. R. said, "Terbuncle, dear, don't you think it would be nice if we raised a few chickens and a pig?"

* * * *

Golfer: Well, after a round with me, how do you like my game?

Caddy: It's okay, I guess, but I still prefer golf.

READY FOR ACTION

Ethel Hollis, '44

BILL sat in his father's office in the chair opposite his father's desk. Father and son sat grim and silent. Bill had just graduated from high school and like so many other young men of his day and age, he wanted most of all to join the armed forces of our country instead of continuing with his education. He had come to his father for advice.

As they sat there, the older man's mind wandered back to a scene that had taken place approximately twenty-five years ago. "Twenty-five years is a long time," he pondered while looking at his son, the very picture of himself in his youth. He remembered his own feelings those years ago when our country was in a similar crisis.

His thoughts carried him back through the years to a group of boys standing on the high school steps. The topic of conversation was their plans after graduation, the long-anticipated event which was to take place within a week.

The first in the group to speak was Harry. "Well, fellows, you can plan on seeing one less of the gang around after graduation," he said.

"Is that so?" replied Pete. "Do you mean that you're going to enlist? But you're not old enough."

"I know," the former answered, "but I'm sick of this town—no excitement or anything. At least if I could get into the Army, I'd have plenty to do all the time. I got a letter this morning from my older brother and he expects to leave for France within a few days. I'm not going to be left out. By the time we get drafted, the war will be all over!"

"That's true, all right, but just how do you intend to enlist? They'll guess your age!" exclaimed Bill Hackett, one of the younger members of the group.

"Oh, you just leave that to me. Any of you fellows want to come along? Why hang around here when you could be doing your country a real favor by enlisting? Who said we're too young?"

"But that would be against the law," one of the others argued.

"Well, isn't that just too bad? How about it, fellows, are you going to be sissies? You aren't afraid, are you?"

Yes, that was the way it had happened. One out of five boys thought he would be "smart," and pretty soon he had the others thinking that they could be heroes in a short time.

The day after graduation, three of the five visited a recruiting office and somehow managed to enroll in the United States Army, innocently signing up for many bitter experiences over which they would have no control.

Bill's father chuckled as he recalled those days of training,—days when they had to get up with the birds and often times before them, and go marching, marching, marching with heavy packs on their backs; days when they tramped through mud, water and rain; and days when their feet almost cried out for rest. He remembered also humorous little events, such as the hours they spent with the sergeant who had "hay fever" and sneezed at the most absurd times. Then how could he ever forget the feeling in the pit of his stomach the day their boat pulled out of New York Harbor bound for France. How the crowd had shouted and cheered their farewells! Perhaps it was then, for the first time, that the three boys began feeling less elated by their venture. However, it was too late to give up then. No, they would have to go on, no matter what the outcome might be.

The outcome was not pleasant. Bill was the only one of those young men to make the return trip. There were months of bitter fighting; there were days when they almost died of hunger; there were the endless hours of marching for which they had been preparing back in the States. How could he ever forget seeing those brave young men fall under enemy fire and his own feeling of insecurity, wondering if he would be next. Those who were not killed—but that was too dreadful to think about!

Yes, he recalled all these things and many more. Still, how could he say that he was sorry for joining the services when he was too young. He had admitted to himself more than once that if he had a chance to re-live his life, undoubtedly he would do exactly the same thing.

Bill turned to his son and studied him thoughtfully. What did he see there? A perfect specimen of American youth. A perfect example of the type of young man that we see today in uniform. He himself had had no father to turn to for advice in those days of the last war when he was a young man. What could he tell his young son? How could he advise him?

Finally he spoke, "Bill, my son, you know that I've talked very little about my experiences in the last war, and you can imagine why, but I can't blame you for wanting to go. I can't tell you that the best thing for you to do would be to continue your education and to wait until you are called. I don't believe in telling you that it's your duty to go into the army, either. As I see it, the decision must be left entirely to you, as I think that you can be depended upon to choose wisely and to perform whatever duty you undertake faithfully and to the best of your ability."

Two weeks later a little family stood in New York's Grand Central Station bravely saying their good-byes.

The young man had made his decision. Like so many other young Americans of this generation, he was going away to learn to be a soldier. Like so many other young men, he was ready to sacrifice everything, his life if necessary, for his family, friends, and country. Just as his father before him had gone away to fight, so was he going; and just as his father had returned unharmed, so might he return unharmed from the horrible clutches of war.

FROM THE CLIFF

Paul O'Neil, '44

My house is situated on a high bluff, overlooking the cruel, proud North Atlantic Ocean. It is midwinter and everthing is covered with snow and ice. As I listen, I can hear the sea crashing against the ice on the shore.

The gulls, high above me, are circling and veering in the open. Their pitiful shrieks can be heard the length of the cliff. They hover there above the storm waiting for scraps that the sea may wash in.

In the distance a honking is heard. Looking to the North, I see in the distance the wild geese. They come in long, even, V-shaped rows. They are so majestic, it is hard to realize that there are those who would lie in wait to massacre them. But the leader is wary, and he leads his flock far offshore where, riding the crest of swirling waves, they have a safe berth, safe, that is, from the range of the hunter's gun.

A loud report is heard from the marsh. Moments later a duck is seen flying out of the fen. He is seeking refuge far out in the cold raging ocean. As he flies out, you can hear him calling plaintively for his mate. But he will call in vain. His mate will never stir again. For this time the crafty hunter was rewarded.

The hour is growing late and I turn homeward. Before I go, I turn and take one last look at the ocean. It seems to mock me as it comes crashing and booming on the rocks beneath.

Generations pass, countries are changed. Great men come and go. But the sea always remains. It seems to say, "I am eternal." as it comes charging in, crashing, swirling and booming on the barren shore.

A TYPICAL AMERICAN

Barbara Allen, '43

Tom is just an ordinary guy
  Who's working for the U. S. A.;
He answered the call and said goodby
  Then started on his way.

He finished his basic training
  And then he sailed away,
Not knowing where he was going
  Until that certain day.

Now he's stationed "over there"
  Fighting for folks back home;
He knows they're waiting somewhere
  Over the sea of foam.

He is a typical American
  Who has a job to do;
And like a thousand other men
  He will see it through.

Someday he'll be back again
  Back to the land of the free;
The world will be at peace then
  And forever it shall be.

* * * *

Louie: Say, what becomes of a football player when his eyesight fails him?

Curtis: Why, they make a referee out of him.

* * * *

Pat was digging a well and had it down to a considerable depth when he fell in. "Pat, Pat," called his wife, looking down, "Is it dead you are?"

"No," answered Pat, "but I'm entirely speechless."

* * * *

American: We're becoming too cocky. What we need is a good licking.

Englishman: Oh, yes, yes, indeed.

American: But there ain't nobody can give us one.

JUNIOR CLASS

First Row: M. Flynn, B. Johndrow, B. Vickery, J. Cole, M. McCormack, F. Joseph, M. Queeney, S. Huntley, M. Fisher, Secretary N. Davis, M. Bartlett, E. Vinal

Second Row: M. Deragon, J. Evans, S. Shea, J. Goddard, K. Whittaker, R. Billings, M. Damon, A. Jarvis, V. Heffernan, C. Peirce, M. Bonney, J. Condit

Third Row: M. Eastman, M. Devine, M. Devine, L. Preston, R. Rouleau, P. James, P. O'Neil, J. Gillis, R. Finnie, Treasurer F. Hall, A. Anderson, T. Holland, E. Hollis, L. Brown

Fourth Row: P. Morton, R. Bresnahan, D. Quinlan, R. Withem, President L. Bournazos, Vice-President A. Fuller, W. Bates, R. Zollin, R. Cogswell

Class of 1944

Shirley Huntley, '44

IN September we, the class of '44, again entered dear old Scituate High for our third successive year. There was the natural hustle and bustle through the corridors and the usual talk of class activities.

At our class meeting Louis Bournazos was re-elected president; Raymond Brown, our football hero, vice-president; Frank Hall, treasurer; and Nancy Davis, secretary. Raymond Brown left later in the year, so we installed Arnold "Skip" Fuller in the vice-presidency. Miss Dudley was elected our class adviser.

We were glad to welcome one new member this year, "Bill" Manning, from Marshfield. But we were also sad to see eight classmates leave. Raymond Brown, Kevin Dwyer, Robert Gannett, Wilma Litchfield, and John Secor are all employed at the Hingham defense plant. Albert Damon is working at the First National; Richard Turner is in the Navy; and Frank Westerhoff is assisting his father.

Our annual Junior dance was scheduled for December 23; but because of war conditions, we combined the Senior-Junior dances and had a bang-up affair. On the dance committee from the Junior Class were Anne Jarvis, Joan Condit, Nancy Davis, and Louis Bournazos. The last and most important event of the Junior class was the Junior Prom which was held May 7 and which was a huge success. Louis Bournazos, Joan Condit, Nancy Davis, Anne Jarvis, David Quinlan, Frank Hall and Theodore Holland were on the Prom committee.

In the various activities of the school, the Juniors have taken a prominent part. We are very proud of the musical talent of many of our classmates. David Quinlan, whom you could easily call a second Benny Goodman, is a smoothie at the clarinet; Frank Hall and "Dick" Bresnahan ably assist him on the trumpets; "Gini" Heffernan and Catherine Peirce show great artistic ability on the violins; "Ted" Holland and

Arthur Anderson can be seen puffing away on their slide trombones; Merilyn Damon adds rhythm at the piano; and Robert Finnie and "Skip" Fuller bang away on the cymbals and bass drum respectively.

Many of our classmates are doing their part for the all-out war effort. "Ted" Holland, Walter Allen, Roger Zollin, "Mim" Flynn, "Bill" Bates, and Arthur Anderson are air-raid wardens; "Skip" Fuller, "Bob" Finnie, and Frank Hall are auxiliary firemen; Joan Condit is a Red Cross canteen worker; and Barbara Johndrow, Mary McCormack, Catherine Peirce, and "Mimi" Flynn assist at the Red Cross center rolling bandages.

As in all classes, we have many classmates who are interested in sports. Jean Cole and Laura May Brown were awarded their varsity letters in hockey; and they were ably supported by Merial Bonney, "Katy" Duffey, Katherine Whittaker, and Evelyn Vinal of the second team. We mustn't forget "Gini" Heffernan who was a great help as assistant manager.

During the basketball season Nancy Davis, Jean Cole, June Goddard, Marilyn Fisher, Merial Bonney, "Peggy" Devine, Mary Devine, and Katherine Whittaker could be seen either shooting for baskets or guarding their opponents with great skill. Laura Brown had the job of assistant manager and we all agree that she was one of the best.

The boys' basketball team was well represented by Louis Bournazos, "Skip" Fuller, and "Ted" Holland; while Bob Finnie held the position of manager.

Of course, we all know why we were so successful on the gridiron last fall, with such players as "Skip" Fuller, "Ted" Holland, Louis Bournazos, Lyman Preston, Roger Zollin, Raymond Brown, Robert Withem, and Frank Hall. Good playing, fellows! Betty Vickery also helped us on to victory as one of the cheer-leaders.

Joan Condit, the devil of devils, held one of the leading parts in "Salad Days," the All-School Play, in November. We all remember her as Clementine. How could we forget her? We also remember David Quinlan's part as Frank Hammond and Merial Bonney's as his daughter, Nancy. Catherine Peirce helped out as prompter and Laura Brown assisted on the costumes.

Many of us already have plans for the future. Nursing seems to be the favorite career of most of the girls. Mary Queeney, "Peggy" Devine, Jean Cole, Marilyn Fisher, Barbara Billings, June Goddard, Merial Bonney, and Laura May Brown all hope to be nurses. We certainly wish them the best of luck!

Mary Devine and "Gini" Heffernan would like to be "WAVES"; Frank Hall wants to be a naval aviator; "Skip" Fuller, a physical ed. teacher; Anne Jarvis and Shirley Huntley, buyers; Marguerite Bartlett, a journalist; Catherine Peirce and Mary McCormack, secretaries; and last but not least—Joan Condit wants to be on the stage.

But before we can think of the future we first must think of next year, our senior year. That should be our most enjoyable year, and all of us are looking forward to the day when we will be glorified seniors.

PIANO PICTURES

Nancy Wyman, Grade 8

My fingers go along the keys,
  Like dipping, tipping boats,
While on the way, I like to make
  A tapestry of notes.

I make the pictures in my mind,
  That others like to hear;
I often think of all the men
  That made these pictures near.

"Tindall must have passed his history test."

SOPHOMORE CLASS

First Row: A. Page, A. Butler, O. Brown, Treasurer M. Ewell, M. Fresina, S. Shapiro
Second Row: Secretary E. Whittaker, C. Manning, P. Cobbett, M. Santia, K. Brown, A. Morton, J. Cole, P. Cobbett, S. Litchfield, P. Hardwick, B. Newcomb, J. Arcana, T. Steverman
Third Row: R. Damon, J. Stanton, G. O'Neil, W. Dacey, E. Swift, Vice-President V. Deal, J. McCarthy, C. Stenbeck, S. Amiot, D. Parrott, R. Jenkins
Fourth Row: K. Stone, R. Rencurrel, T. Dunn, C. Patterson, President R. Foniri, T. Macy, G. Curtis, R. Harwood, V. Ahola, M. Litchfield

Class of 1945

Carmel Manning, '45

LOOK out, Scituate High! Here come the Sophomores. We have started school with a bang this year as usual.

When home rooms were assigned, we found we were bestowed on Miss Harrington and Mr. Wilcox.

Coming out of algebra that first day, you could hear a faint buzzing in the corridors, and if you got close enough, you would have found that all the inquisitive sophomores wanted to know who the two new members of their class were. We finally found out that the red-head was Scott Amiot and the one with the curls was Teddy Dunne. During the year we thought that we were going to have another permanent member, Delphine Kilgore, but she proved to be only a visitor. We were very sorry to lose six other members during the year—Wilson Hollis, Burton Ainslie, Robert Clapp, Barbara De Costa, Maynard Hirtle, and John Jenkins.

Finally, after a lot of consideration we decided to have our class election. We elected Rocco Foniri, president; Vaughn Deal, vice-president; Emily Whittaker, secretary; and Merilyn Ewell, treasurer. As class adviser we chose Miss Vines.

The Sophomores have continued their participation in sports. As you looked out onto the hockey field one fine afternoon about half past two, you could see many Sophomores giving the Juniors and Seniors a little competition. Anne Butler was showing the other classmen that she could play inner as well as anyone else, and Ann Page was doing her best at full-back. Emily Whittaker, of course, was the star half-back and Carmel Manning tried hard at the same position. They were all lucky enough to get their letters, though.

If you went to football games on a Saturday afternoon, you will remember that the Sophomores also had a good representation in this sport. There were many that went out for it who will make the team next year, but there were also those that starred this year. Among those

(*Continued on Page 40*)

FRESHMAN CLASS

First Row: P. Cole, M. McCarthy, M. Manning, A. Ainslee, P. Rouleau, J. Hersey, M. Whittaker, G. Shone, E. Bates, J. Powers, J. Warren, A. McKenzie

Second Row: M. Riani, J. Douglas, Secretary B. Tindall, A. Heffernan, B. Welch, A. Graham, E. Feola, E. Callahan, H. MacDonald, R. Whittaker, M. Damon, A. Curran

Third Row: J. Franzen, C. Vickery, B. Adams, P. Miles, S. Bartlett, D. Hattin, R. Barrows, W. Vining, W. Swift, R. Roberts, S. MacNeil, D. Yuhr, R. Mongeau, S. Whitcombe

Fourth Row: R. Flaherty, D. McPherson, Treasurer J. Litchfield, R. Holcomb, S. Jenney, W. Crosby, R. Fitzpatrick, J. Fitzpatrick, Vice-President R. Dwyer, President C. Fleming

Class of 1946

Barbara Tindall, '46

SEVERAL new and bright faces were seen around the corridors of Scituate High in September. They were those of the Freshman Class members. Some of these were even new to the class. Among the latter group were included Marylou Dobbs, Jean Douglas, Carol Dunphy, Ann Graham, Robert Mongeau, and Joan Powers. Maybelle and Robert Manning joined the class in November. Nancy Dutton moved to Wellesley soon after school started.

At the election of class officers, Charles Fleming, Dick Dwyer, and John Litchfield were chosen president, vice-president, and treasurer, respectively. Although Marylou Dobbs was elected class secretary, she soon moved to Cohasset, and the office was filled by Barbara Tindall. When Mr. Samuelson left us, Mr. Stewart took his place as class adviser.

There were three from the Freshman Class on the committee for the Freshman-Sophomore Dance which was held on April 16. They were Ann McKenzie, Pat Rouleau, and Ward Swift. This dance was a great success.

Although none of the Freshman girls made the first team in either basketball or hockey, many of them participated in both sports. This lengthy list includes Peggy Cole, Margaret Damon, Carol Dunphy, Ann Graham, Ann Heffernan, Thelma Jenkins, Marie McCarthy, Helen MacDonald, Ann McKenzie, Madeline Riani, Pat Rouleau, Barbara Tindall, Dorothy Vaughn, and Ruth Whittaker. All who played hockey received their junior varsity letters. The boys who went out for football and basketball were Charles Fleming, Robert Holcomb, Donald McPherson, Ralph Roberts, Ward Swift, Charles Vickery, Bill Vining, and Daniel Yuhr. The boys who played football also received their varsity letters.

In the raving success, "Salad Days," Pat Rouleau and Ann Graham from the Freshman Class played minor parts.

(*Continued on Page 41*)

Junior High School News

EIGHTH GRADE NOTES

Gladys Hill, 8A *Virginia Mongeau, 8B*

On September 9th an illustrious eighth grade, numbering sixty-six pupils, entered Scituate High School.

Eight B had a change in their home room teacher. Miss Walker left to take up duties in Wellesley Hills. To show our appreciation of her work, we gave her a desk lamp, a calendar, book ends, an ink stand and a paper weight.

Miles Richmond of Eight B proved to be a high-speed salesman, having sold thirty dollars' worth of magazine subscriptions.

Many pupils are planning to have victory gardens. Some of the boys are going into the chicken business, and one girl, not to be outdone by the boys, will raise pigs. Some other ambitious young men will go mossing.

It was interesting for the class to note that Robert Devine is vice-president of the active 4-H Club.

The eighth grade is proud to have among its members two all A students, Patricia Cahir and Terrence Butler.

SEVENTH GRADE NOTES

Shirley Damon, 7A *Louise Reddy, 7B*

September 9th was quite a date for some eighty young people, for on that particular date we entered the seventh grade of Scituate Junior High School. As we look back on our first few days, we remember we were quite excited and nervous because we didn't know what to expect next.

Billy Amiot and Holker Welch, the comedians of the classes, often give forth with remarks that take the dullness out of class life. Of course there are others who also add to the fun of the class.

Since we are such a large class we have many ambitions. Some of us want to be nurses, doctors, secretaries, reporters, or teachers. Billy Amiot wanted to be a doctor, until he saw a certain movie which changed his idea of a career to that of a farmer. Many of our boys want to join the armed services when they grow up.

Bonds and stamps have been sold in each room. 7B leads 7A by having bought seven bonds to 7A's two bonds. Almost everybody tries to help. We will buy stamps and bonds to do our share to get that "Jeep."

Now that June is nearing we all are crossing our fingers and studying hard so that next year we'll be in the eighth grade.

THE SOCIETY OF STRAPHANGERS

Patricia Cahir, Grade 8

All angles and phases of war and its effects, from morale to flat feet, have been treated by our intellectuals, but somehow the Society of Straphangers has been neglected, or, more specifically, the act of being initiated into this not so exclusive society has been overlooked.

I am now a member of two weeks' standing. Membership is not recorded on a written card. One automatically becomes an honored participant by dropping a precious dime into the subway slot and receiving his initiating nudge from the person next to him. The social or financial status is not an important issue. Members range from mink coat wearers to bargain basement seekers, and from toddlers small enough to slip under the gates to aged toddlers. Though one might emerge with minimum damage, the experience and education gained is ALMOST worth it. If you doubt it, pay your fee, and join the ranks of the Straphangers.

DAILY DOINGS

Jackie Vaughn, Grade 8

In the morning about half past eight,
You see kids hurrying so's not to be late;
And when you get in, that old song is sung
"Go get a slip, for the bell has just rung."
From there on it's a mad rush and tear
To get to your class before the others get there.
Then about eleven-thirty it's time to eat.
And then comes another scramble to get a seat.
When two-fifteen comes, look out on the stairs
Or you'll visit your doctor for expensive repairs;
Soon you're deafened by one joyful shout,
Everyone's glad because school is out.
And so ends a day of the golden rule,
But tomorrow you'll be right back in school.

* * * *

On John Billings' first flight he forgot to fasten his safety belt. During a loop he was naturally thrown out. As the instructor dived past him he heard him mutter, "Well, so far I'm all right."

HONOR ROLL

The following names have appeared on the honor rolls of the first three marking periods:

SENIOR HIGH

High Honors

All A's

Maria Mansfield Matthew Miles

SENIORS

HONOR ROLL—*All A's and B's*

Anderson, Francis Hendrickson, Robert Rouleau, Joan Stark, Helen Wilder, John
Appel, Donald Hersey, Marylou Santia, Lillian Tindall, Howard Williams, Frances
Hattin, Marjorie Lavoine, Martha Secor, Dorothy Watts, Earle

Honorable Mention—All A's and B's but one

Crowley, Patricia Drew, Ronald Hill, Marion Kinsley, Ruthann McLean, Patricia Wilder, Genevieve

JUNIORS

HONOR ROLL—*All A's and B's*

Bartlett, Marguerite Bonney, Merial Fisher, Marilyn Jarvis, Anne McCormack, Mary
Billings, Barbara Damon, Merilyn Goddard, June Joseph, Fay Peirce, Catherine
Preston, Lyman Quinlan, David

Honorable Mention—All A's and B's but one

Bournazos, Louis Brown, Laura Evans, Jane Fuller, Arnold Hall, Frank
Holland, Theodore Queeney, Mary Rouleau, Robert Zollin, Roger

SOPHOMORES

HONOR ROLL—*All A's and B's*

Amiot, Scott Brown, Ora Macy, Thomas Page, Ann Rencurrel, Robert
Brown, Kathleen Butler, Ann Manning, Carmel Patterson, Charles Stone, Kenneth
Whittaker, Emily

Honorable Mention—All A's and B's but one

Cole, Jacqueline Jenkins, Richard Litchfield, Myron Litchfield, Shirley Newcomb, Beverly
Santia, Mary Shapiro, Sylvia Stark, Elizabeth Stenbeck, Charles

FRESHMEN

HONOR ROLL—*All A's and B's*

Adams, Bruce Fleming, Charles Holcomb, Robert Manning, Robert McLean, Forbes
Dobbs, Marylou Franzen, Jean Litchfield, John McCarthy, Marie Powers, Joan
Douglas, Jean Hattin, Donald MacNeil, Stuart McDonald, Helen Riani, Madeline
Tindall, Barbara Whittaker, Ruth

Honorable Mention—All A's and B's but one

Barrows, Raymond Graham, Ann Jenkins, Thelma McKenzie, Anne Mongeau, Robert
Dunphy, Carol Hersey, Jean Jenney, Stephen McPherson, Donald Miles, Paul
Rouleau, Patricia Welch, Betty Anne Whittaker, Marjorie Yuhr, Daniel

JUNIOR HIGH

High Honors

All A's

Butler, Terence, 8; Cahir, Patricia, 8; Callahan, William, 7; Pronty, Jean, 7

GRADE 8

HONOR ROLL—*All A's and B's*

Andrews, Deborah Fresina, Rocco Hill, Gladys Milliken, Annette Soule, Edward
Devine, Robert Goddard, James Holcomb, Jean Mongeau, Virginia Thatcher, Edmund
Dwyer, Lawrence Goddard, Ligi Kennedy, Donald Murphy, Isabelle Weeks, Christopher
Wyman, Nancy

Honorable Mention—All A's and B's but one

Chadbourne, Cynthia Dunphy, Vincent Holland, Constance O'Neil, Jane

GRADE 7

HONOR ROLL—*All A's and B's*

Cerilli, Laura Fleming, Elizabeth Keyes, Jane Noble, Eleanor Reddy, Louise
Cooper, Gary Flynn, Jon McLean, Roger Noble, Mary Savage, John
Damon, Shirley Jacobucci, Gabriel Miles, Josephine Peirce, Martha Southard, Priscilla
Spinola, Manuel

Honorable Mention—All A's and B's but one

Briggs, Stanwood Goddard, Verdella Rich, Robert Richards, Harry Towle, Leland
Webb, Priscilla

SCHOOL NOTES

Virginia Heffernan, '44

WHY the gloomy looks, chum? Been thinking of the good old pre-war days? The days when the gas buggy was practically yours for the asking; the days of old faithful, the saddle oxford; the time when ice cream and gum were as plentiful as scowls around report card time?

Life around us is constantly changing, but fortunately we have been able to keep school pretty much the same. Of course we have had our difficulties too.

There were fewer football games this year, but the few we did have were good. All the games drew a large crowd with most of the spectators riding bikes or sauntering merrily along discovering the basic reason for having two feet.

More noticeable even than the decrease in football games was the cut in the basketball schedule. The large crowds that gathered on Tuesday and Friday nights to cheer for Scituate 'til they were blue in the face and as hoarse as foghorns were entirely absent this year. At the one night game that was played, in Marshfield, a large and lively crowd turned out.

War conditions haven't affected the orchestra at all, fortunately. The Scituate Symphonic Society, as we're thinking of calling it, is as good as last year, if not better. Mr. Samuelson has been teaching in Hingham since March, but is drawn back to Scituate by the magnetic personalities in the orchestra; so we aren't in any danger of falling back into obscurity at present.

The orchestra has made three public appearances this year: first, at an Americanization Class program held in the early fall; then at the All-School Play; and, its third and most important engagement, at the Hingham High School in the spring.

Have you noticed that every time you tell people you live in Scituate they say, "Oh yes, that's where they have the sea moss, clams, and Scituate High"?

I tell you, friends, Scituate is on the map—and do you know why? It is because we put it there. Look in the paper almost any day and you're apt to see pictures or read an article about something we've done. First it was the star field hockey team with a picture of its bevy of beauties who have their coach's winning ways. The picture and a story were printed in the Boston *Herald*.

Next came views of the illustrious orchestra, that bouncing bunch of Bach, Beethoven and Boogie woogie beaters, taken by a Boston *Post* photographer. As Shakespeare once said, "An orchestra by any other name would smell as sweet" or was it "A rose," etc? All joking aside, Mr. Samuelson has done a marvelous job of converting a group of kids barely out of the scale age into something that sounds almost professional.

School has a lot of bright spots to cover the black ones, such as report cards, final exams, etc.; and one of the bright spots is the assembly period held more or less regularly every Thursday morning at 9:05. We can expect almost anything from a Punch and Judy show to a Quiz Kids program.

One of the most popular assemblies, the Brockton Band, couldn't appear this year because of transportation difficulties. However, we had an excellent musical program when Miss Maxim and Miss Reynolds of the faculty entertained us with piano duos. Ethel Hollis appeared on the same program as vocalist.

The most enthusiastically-received 9:05 gathering was the Quiz Kids in the persons of Pat Butler, Maria Mansfield, Dave Quinlan, Bob Rencurrell, Donald Hattin and Terry Butler with Matthew Miles acting as M. C. These "kids" were really on the ball, as you might say. I wonder what kind of vitamins they eat!

The Punch and Judy show threw us all back to our pigtail and Eton cap days.

One of J. Edgar Hoover's sleuths came to us one day and gave us a very interesting talk.

Another speaker who made a great hit with everyone, especially those in the left and right sections of the auditorium, was Lieutenant Archie Damon of the Class of 1938. He gave us a first-hand account of the fight in the Pacific area which was sometimes grim, often amusing, but always gripping.

As we look back over this past school year, we realize how much fun we are still allowed to have regardless of war. In practically every other country in the world today, young people are deprived of their liberty, their right to make of their lives whatever they choose. When we stop to think of it, we're pretty lucky, aren't we? So why the gloomy looks, chum?

ORCHESTRA

PIANOS: M. Damon, C. Manning, E. Whittaker. CELLO: M. Quinn.
VIOLINS: P. Butler, V. Heffernan, C. Peirce, A. Heffernan, P. Cahir, B. Chipman.
BASS: J. Walsh. TUBAS: G. Curtis, D. McPherson.
CLARINETS: C. Stenbeck, R. Rich, D. Quinlan. FRENCH HORNS: A. Page, F. McLean.
BASS DRUM: A. Fuller. TRUMPETS: H. Tindall, F. Hall, R. Bresnahan, E. Merritt, M. Richmond, L. Towle, J. Goddard. SNARE DRUMS: J. McCarthy, W. Swift, H. Welch, E. Myers.
TROMBONES: T. Holland, A. Anderson, C. Weeks. CYMBALS: R. Finnie. BARITONE: M. Litchfield.

BAND

FIRST ROW: R. Finnie, E. Myers, P. Butler, D. Quinlan, H. Welch, J. McCarthy, R. Rich, C. Stenbeck
SECOND ROW: M. Richmond, L. Towle, E. Merritt, F. Hall, H. Tindall, R. Bresnahan, G. Curtis, D. McPherson, M. Litchfield, A. Anderson, T. Holland, C. Weeks

DRAMATICS

Beverly Briggs, '44

The All-School Play, "Salad Days," was presented on November 20. "Salad Days" portrayed the amusing problems of the young Hammonds and their friends, and especially those of Cousin Clementine.

The play was excellently directed by Miss Eleanor Gile and was cast as follows:

Peter Hammond	Patrick Butler
Clementine	Joan Condit
Frank Hammond	David Quinlan
Mrs. Parker	Anne Graham
Nancy Hammond	Merial Bonney
Mrs. Hammond	Maria Mansfield
Jimmy Parker	Howard Tindall
Sylvia	Patricia Rouleau

Catherine Pierce acted as prompter.

The property manager was Jerome Walsh, assisted by Marjorie Hattin, Earle Watts and Frances Williams. John Billings had charge of lights and sound effects. The costumes were planned by Miss Kingsbury and her assistant, Laura Brown. The stage scenery was supervised by Miss Rowell. Her assistants were Mary Lou Dobbs, Pauline Hardwick, Marion Hill, Barbara Johndrow and other members of the Art Department. The scenery was constructed by Mr. Sandburg, assisted by William Bates, Charles Patterson, and Robert Sylvester.

Mr. Rogers and John Wilder had charge of tickets and Martha Lavoine, the programs. The ushers were Marion Hill, Mary Ann and Jane Evans, Mary and Peggy Devine, and Beverly Briggs.

Between the acts, musical selections were played by the high school orchestra under the direction of Mr. Samuelson.

This year, because of the ban on pleasure driving, the annual senior class play was not produced. However, in its place a one-act play is to be presented by the seniors as an assembly program.

FOOTBALL

Gilbert Patterson, '43

The Scituate High School football team has again come through the season creditably, tying for the South Shore Championship. Losing the first game to Cohasset, 6 to 0, was an upset, but failed to hold us back. Marshfield and Hanover both went down before the blue and white: Marshfield 6, Scituate 13; Hanover 13, Scituate 28.

Next year the team will continue its career without six seniors: Captain Bob Hendrickson, who made his appearances on tackles everywhere; John Travers, who always fought hard for victory; Fred O'Neil, who was ever ready to pick up yardage on runs; Bob Sylvester and Matthew Miles, who were in that line with plenty of fight; and Gilbert Patterson. However, I know next year's team will be in there fighting for all they've got, and will come out victorious. The other lettermen were as follows: Roger Zollin, Grey Curtis, James Vaughn, Lyman Preston, Louis Bournazos, Charles Patterson, Joe Arcana, Robert Finnie, Vaughn Deal, Rocco Foniri, Arnold Fuller, Frank Hall, Theodore Holland, and Raymond Brown. With the spirit and eagerness these boys have, Scituate will surely continue on its victorious road. However, everyone knows if it hadn't been for the clean sportsmanship taught by Coach Eddie Stewart, we surely would have met defeat many times this year and throughout past years. Those who received Junior Varsity letters were as follows: Charles Vickery, Thomas Chadbourne, Richard Ewell, Dan Yuhr, Robert Withem, Ward Swift, Jr., Ted Dunne, Edward Swift, Ralph Roberts, Donald McPherson, Jim McCarthy, Thomas Macy, and Co-managers James Gillis and Richard Jenkins. Next year these boys will probably be the football team of Scituate High School.

BASKETBALL

Robert Finnie, '44

This year's basketball team consisted mostly of new material and did not make as good a record as that of previous years. However, next year the same players will probably be back to help us make a better team and a better record. All through the season the boys showed very good sportsmanship and played their hardest.

During the year the boys got in some very good practice by playing the Coast Guard teams in the vicinity.

The lettermen were as follows: Robert Finnie, Manager; Louis Bournazos, Arnold Fuller, Robert Holcomb, Charles Fleming, Gilbert Patterson, Rocco Foniri, Ward Swift, George O'Neil, Charles Patterson, Gray Curtis, and Teddy Holland.

The results of the season were as follows:

Scituate	21*	Pembroke	29
	25	Norwell	29*
	26*	Marshfield	26
	26*	Marshfield	36
	28	Duxbury	49*
	22	Hanover	30*
	32*	Norwell	18
	22	Pembroke	28*
	29*	Duxbury	31
	28	Marshfield	31*
	14*	Hanover	27

*Home Games

FOOTBALL TEAM

First Row: R. Ewell, L. Bournazos, Manager J. Gillis, C. Patterson, Assistant Manager R. Jenkins, J. Arcana, J. Travers

Second Row: L. Preston, A. Fuller, Captain R. Hendrickson, Coach Stewart, R. Sylvester, F. Hall, R. Zollin

Third Row: T. Holland, R. Finnie, J. Vaughan, V. Deal, G. Patterson, R. Foniri, G. Curtis

BOYS' BASKETBALL TEAM

First Row: Coach Stevenson, Captain L. Bournazos, Manager R. Finnie

Second Row: A. Fuller, C. Patterson, G. Curtis, R. Foniri, G. Patterson

BASEBALL TEAM

First Row: Manager R. Jenkins

Second Row: G. O'Neil, F. Hall, L. Bournazos, R. Sylvester, R. Rencurrel

Third Row: J. McCarthy, R. Damon, R. Foniri, Coach Stewart, G. Curtis, T. Holland, E. Swift

BASEBALL

Rocco Foniri, '45

I think that even more than in peace-time, the Scituate baseball team is proving its value this year. As the season opens, Coach Edward Stewart faces the problem of replacing his losses of a year ago. We lost such stars as E. Dorr, J. Brown, J. Cahir, R. Mahoney, J. Fitts, W. Holland, J. Hill, and T. Calkin, many of whom are now in service or will be called shortly.

The Scituate team, while losing many men, has a supply of promising replacements. However, it's perhaps premature to prophesy how these rookies will take the place of experienced men.

Here's the way the team will shape by departments.

INFIELD—This year's defense will be based on last year's regulars: first baseman, G. Curtis; shortstop, L. Bournazos; third baseman, R. Foniri.

OUTFIELD—Coach Stewart's major worry, because no regulars are back. However, there are some men who look very promising, such as F. Hall, G. O'Neil, R. Rencurrel, and M. Miles.

CATCHERS—Probably the best in the South Shore League, with R. Sylvester, T. Holland, and J. McCarthy.

PITCHERS—There are no pitchers from last year, when we had a perfect pitcher's staff with "No Hit, No Run" E. Dorr, J. Brown, and Buzz Burrows, who's at Duxbury now.

BEST ROOKIES—R. Holcomb, a freshman, who has great fielding possibilities, will make a good second baseman. G. Patterson, who has a powerful throwing arm, may turn the trick for a good outfielder. F. Hall may prove a deadly hitter and a good fielder.

Last year's lettermen were as follows: G. Bresnahan, J. Fitts, R. Sylvester, J. Brown, E. Dorr, G. Curtis, L. Rouleau, J. Hill, G. Burrows, T. Calkin, R. Foniri, R. Mahoney, L. Bournazos, R. Franzen, and W. Holland. Results of last year's games were as follows:

Scituate	3	Cohasset	1
Scituate	7	Marshfield	4
Scituate	16	Hanover	13
Scituate	—	(forfeit) Pembroke	—
Scituate	7	Norwell	0
Scituate	13	Kingston	8
Scituate	3	Duxbury	5

GIRLS' HOCKEY TEAM

First Row: A. Moffitt, J. Rouleau, A. Page

Second Row: P. Crowley, L. Brown, Coach Vines, Assistant Manager V. Heffernan, E. Whittaker, J. Cole

Third Row: M. Mansfield, M. Hill, M. LaVange, M. Bonney, F. Williams, C. Manning, A. Butler

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

Patricia Crowley, '43 *Genevieve Wilder, '43* *Jean Cole, '44*

Hockey

Due to war conditions, our hockey schedule, like so many other things, was also rationed. Despite all obstacles, however, the Scituate girls' hockey team came out on top with five straight victories. In there fighting to win those victories were eight able seniors, Marion Hill, Mariesta Lavange, Maria Mansfield, Alice Moffitt, Joan Rouleau, Frances Williams, Genevieve Wilder, and Patricia Crowley.

Besides the above-mentioned seniors, the following received varsity letters: Anne Butler, Jean Cole, Merial Bonney, Laura Brown, Anne Page, Carmel Manning, and Emily Whittaker.

We owe the splendid management of our team to capable Martha Lavoine, also a senior.

Even though some of our rivals were easily subdued, Hingham, our strongest opponent, was defeated in an overtime period, in which our fine teamwork played a leading part. Pat Crowley, high scorer, neatly made her third goal in an overtime-period to win the game. We scored seven goals against a supposedly-strong Braintree team, a score well to be remembered in the history of hockey. Gene Wilder and Pat Crowley came out on top, tied as high scorers!

The scores of the games were as follows:

Scituate 6	Hanover 1
Scituate 7	Braintree 0
Scituate 2	Marshfield 0
Scituate 4	Norwell 0
Scituate 3	Hingham 2

This year the second team received due recognition in that they were awarded small letters.

Those receiving these letters were Peggy Cole, Margaret Damon, Katherine Duffey, Carol Dunphy, Ann Heffernan, Virginia Heffernan, Thelma Jenkins, Marie McCarthy, Patricia Rouleau, Barbara Tindall, Dorothy Vaughn, Evelyn Vinal, Katherine Whittaker, and Ruth Whittaker.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM
First Row: P. Crowley, N. Davis, F. Williams
Second Row: M. LaVange, K. Whittaker, Captain J. Rouleau, Coach Vines, E. Whittaker, A. Page
Third Row: M. Hill, C. Manning, Manager M. Mansfield, Assistant Manager L. Brown.
J. Goddard, A. Butler

Basketball

Another basket has been scored for the girls' basketball team of S. H. S., making them champions for a second consecutive year.

At the beginning of the season there was fear that there would not be any inter-school games this season because of the ban on pleasure driving. The games were finally played in the afternoon instead of at night.

The seniors again showed their athletic spirit by having six players on the squad. The team also gives special recognition to the sophomore class for their fine contribution of loopers, "Emmie" Whittaker, being our high scorer, not to take any credit away from the juniors who were also well represented on the squad this year.

Besides our regular league games, we played Rockland and Plymouth. Because these schools are much larger schools than ours, we rather expected to be beaten, but we came through on the long end of the scores.

The lettermen were as follows: Captain J. Rouleau, Manager M. Mansfield, Assistant Manager Laura Brown, M. Bonney, A. Butler, J. Goddard, M. Hill, M. Lavange, C. Manning, A. Page, E. Whittaker, K. Whittaker, F. Williams, P. Crowley, G. Wilder, and N. Davis.

The following girls received junior varsity letters: J. Cole, P. Cole, M. Devine, M. Devine, J. Evans, A. Heffernan, R. Whittaker, M. Fisher, D. Vaughn, B. Tindall, P. Rouleau, A. McKenzie, A. Graham, M. Riani.

The scores of the games were as follows:

Scituate 45	Pembroke 15
Scituate 38	Norwell 23
Scituate 33	Marshfield 35
Scituate 36	Duxbury 22
Scituate 27	Rockland 24
Scituate 47	Norwell 23
Scituate 31	Hanover 8
Scituate 42	Marshfield 21
Scituate 43	Duxbury 13
Scituate 49	Pembroke 25
Scituate 40	Plymouth 34
Scituate 37	Hanover 15

(*Continued on Page 40*)

ALUMNI

ALUMNI NOTES

Jean Condit, '44

CLASS OF 1942

Jean Anderson is employed at Hingham.

Herbert Bearce is working at the Moderne Market.

Gloria Bonomi is going to the Faye Secretarial School.

Betty Bournazos is a freshman at Boston University.

"Sidy" Brown is employed by Dunn & Bradstreet, Inc., Boston.

Tommy Calkin is working for Mr. Bernard Myers, after completing a half-year at the University of New Hampshire.

Lester Chadbourne is a freshman at the University of Maine.

Joan Cole is working as a secretary at the Hingham-Bethlehem Shipyard.

Edward Dolan is working at Fore River.

Donald Dwyer is employed at the Hingham-Bethlehem Shipyard.

Gladys Ellms is going to Fashion School in Boston.

John Fitts is employed by his father at the J. S. Fitts Co.

Stuart Hanckel is at the University of Virginia and is planning to go into the United States Naval Reserve in June.

Bette Hattin is attending Massachusetts State University.

"Willie" Holland is a freshman at Tufts.

Irene Jacobson is training at the Saint Elizabeth Hospital in Boston.

Gloria McCaffrey is now attending Hickox Secretarial School in Boston.

Betty McIntyre is a Nurses' Aid.

Jean McKenzie is going to the Chandler School in Boston.

Jean Merrill is training to be a nurse at the New England Baptist Hospital.

Polly Norton is going to the Sargent College of Physical Education for Women.

Ceceline Stetson is attending the Fisher Business School, Boston.

Bob Vickery is working at the Hingham-Bethlehem Shipyard.

Jane Whittaker is at Wilfred Academy.

George Williams is attending the University of New Hampshire.

Also from the Class of 1942 there are 14 boys in some one of the branches of the Armed Services. Their names appear on the honor roll.

CLASS OF 1941

Doris Anderson is employed as a secretary at the Hingham-Bethlehem Shipyard.

Ann Barry is married to Sam Calliss of the United States Coast Guard.

Eudora Bartlett is a nurse at the New England Baptist Hospital.

Ruth Bates is a secretary at the Hingham Naval Ammunition Depot.

Margery Herbert is now married to Albert D. Baker of Medford.

Dorothy Hollis has a government position on Fisher's Island, New York.

Eleanor McLean is married to Richard Williams, and is living in Johnston, Pennsylvania.

Polly Sylvester is employed at the Webster and Atlas National Bank, Boston.

"Milly" Taylor is employed at the Liberty Mutual Insurance Company in Boston.

James Welch is attending Boston University.

Douglas Willett is still in the Naval Reserve Officers Training Corps at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute.

From the members of the Class of 1941, nineteen boys have joined some one of the Armed Services.

CLASS OF 1940

"Cody" Brown is employed at Liberty Mutual Insurance Company.

Virginia Chipman is married to George M. Ward of Hingham.

Jean Cole is working at Bartlett, Coppinger, and Maloon Company.

Barbara Condit is still working in the First National Bank in Boston.

Art Cross is working for Welch and Company. By the way, Art and his wife are the proud parents of a baby girl.

Jane Crowley is employed at John Hancock Insurance Company.

Barbara Curran is employed at Pinkham's Drug Store.

Althea Dyment is working at the Hingham-Bethlehem Shipyards.

Sherman Gates is attending Brown University and recently has been elected scribe of the Brown University chapter of Pi Lambda Fraternity. He has been on the Dean's list throughout the year.

Hope Gurney is continuing her course at Boston University.

Jean Hendrickson is attending Mary Washington College.

Susanne Hill is working as a secretary at Hingham during the day and is going to Hickox School at night.

Robert Holland is a defense worker in Stoughton.

Miriam Litchfield is working as an accountant at Hingham.

Rachael Merritt is married to John F. Priestman of Quincy.

Mary Pierce is a secretary at Blake & Hollis, Boston.

Polly Soule is working in New Haven, Conn.

"Sis" Weeks is a senior at the Garland School in Boston.

Out of the members of the Class of 1940, there are thirteen boys in the Armed Forces.

CLASS OF 1939

Alberta Cerilli is married to Joseph J. Caprara of Schenectady, New York.

Grace Moffitt is married to Henry S. Newcomb of Hanover, and is now living in California.

Margaret Pierce is a private secretary at the Hingham-Bethlehem Shipyard.

Nancy Wade is in training at Peter Bent Brigham Hospital.

Helen Westerhoff is married to Robert W. Hover of Pittsfield.

Marion Withem is employed at the First National Store.

Of the many members of the Class of 1939, there are 20 members in the Armed Forces.

CLASS OF 1938

There is a bit of special mention for the class of '38 because they have three outstanding members. These members are Arthur Damon, Jr., Betty Franzen, and Ginny Zucker.

Betty Franzen was the first girl from Scituate to join one of the Women's Auxiliary Corps. She is a member of the WAVES.

Ginny Zucker is in the WAACS. She has finished her preliminary training and has been promoted to Technician 5th Grade, Motor Unit.

"Archie" was by no means the first to join the Army or Navy, but he is one who has really climbed to heights. When he left Bates College, he was a cadet; later he was promoted to the rank of ensign. He was at Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941, and saw plenty of action there. Since then he has been made a lieutenant (senior grade). We are all proud of Archie and wish him and the rest of the Scituate High School boys now in the service the very best of luck.

Howard Tindall, '43
Jerome Walsh, '43
Earle Watts, '43
David Quinlan, '44

G-Man: Got away, huh? Did you guard all exits?

Sergeant: Yep. Can't see how he did it unless he slipped through one of the entrances.

* * * *

Marjorie: Aren't you ever troubled with extreme thirst?

Earle: No, I never let it get as far as that.

* * * *

Junior: Mother, are you the nearest relative I've got?

Mother: Yes, dear. And your father is the closest.

* * * *

"What do you think of the candidates?

"The more I think of them the more pleased I am only one of them can get in."

* * * *

Miss Dudley: Tomorrow you may take the life of Shakespeare.

Miles: How?

Miss Gile: Pat, have you been writing your own excuses?

Butler: Yessum. It takes all Pa's time to think up his own.

* * * *

Mr. Wilcox: If the moon's two million miles away, how long will it take a plane traveling 100 miles per hour, to reach it?

Appel: Has he got an "A" or a "C" card?

* * * *

Miss Vines: What's a Grecian urn?

History Student: All depends on what he does.

* * * *

John: I'm thoroughly wound up tonight.

June: Odd, you don't seem to go.

* * * *

Speaker at Assembly: I want a little attention.

Voice from rear: You're getting as little as possible.

CLASS OF 1945

(*Continued from Page 25*)

who got their letter were Rocco Foniri, Vaughn Deal, Charlie Patterson, Jimmie Vaughn and Gray Curtis.

Then basketball season began, and of course we couldn't let the other classes out-do us in this either, so some of us went out for this sport. Rocco Foniri, Gray Curtis and Charlie Patterson also got their letters in this sport. Better luck to the others next year. As for the girls, we had to give a little competition to the others, so four of us went out for basketball. Of course we wanted the other players to have a chance so only a few of us went out. Anne Butler, Ann Page, Emily Whittaker and Carmel Manning were again the ones to receive letters.

Of course during all this time many of us had been doing other things, such as playing in the orchestra. Ten of us occupy important positions in this organization. Ann Page plays the French horn; Gray Curtis, the tuba; Robert Rencurrel and Charlie Stenbeck, the clarinet; Thomas Chadbourne, the flute; Myron Litchfield, the baritone; Jimmie McCarthy and David Parrot, the drums; and Emily Whittaker and Carmel Manning, the piano.

In all, the sophomores have had a very successful year, participating in every activity.

CLASS OF 1946

(*Continued from Page 26*)

Donald Hattin was the genius from our class who took part in the Quiz Program assembly. He was the one who wasn't fooled by the trick questions.

We also have four orchestra members in our class. Ann Heffernan plays the violin; Forbes McLean, the French horn; Donald McPherson, the tuba; and Ward Swift, the baritone.

Don't forget to refer to the honor roll because, according to the list, we have a class brimming with brilliance.

S. H. S. SONG HITS

Miss You	Scituate High Boys
There Are Such Things	Warning Cards
Oh, Johnny	"Bee Jay"
Massachusetts	Anne Jarvis
One Dozen Roses	Girls in front of mirror
I Remember You	Boys left for service
At Last	Seniors
Don't Get Around Much Anymore	"A" card owners
Who Wouldn't Love You	Lunch period
Black Magic	Blackout
I Love You Truly	S. H. S.
I Had the Craziest Dream	All A's
I've Got Gobs of Love for the Navy	Kay Pierce
Saving Myself for Bill	Pat Crowley
Why Don't Cha Do Right?	Mim Flynn
Semper Peratus	Virginia Dubois
Moonlight Mood	Shirley Huntley
Army Air Corps	Ethel Hollis
Everything Happens to Me	Ginny Heffernan
You Made Me Love You	Bob Hendrickson
Knock Me a Kiss	"Buff" Anderson
I Just Kissed Your Picture Good Night	Joan Condit
Can It Be Wrong	Matthew Miles

TENNIS

(*Continued from Page 36*)

This year we expect to carry on tennis as usual. No definite schedule has been made, but we expect to play matches with Hingham and Braintree.

Plans are also being made to have a few mixed-double matches. These are very interesting and provide opportunity for good sportsmanship.

The veteran lettermen are as follows: A. Page, E. Whittaker, M. Mansfield, M. Hill, and G. Wilder. There are also many new candidates coming out this year.

West-ender: What do you teach in this here school?

Mr. Parkhurst: We teach geography, biology, arithmetic, algebra, trigonometry . . .

West-ender: Stop right there. Load him up on the triggernometry. He's the worst shot in the family.

Teacher: How old would a person be who was born in 1894?

Pupil: Man or woman?

* * * *

Bob: Here's how!

Nancy: Say "when"—I know how.

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